

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



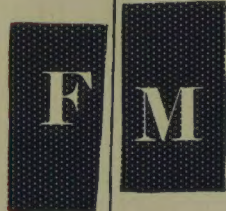
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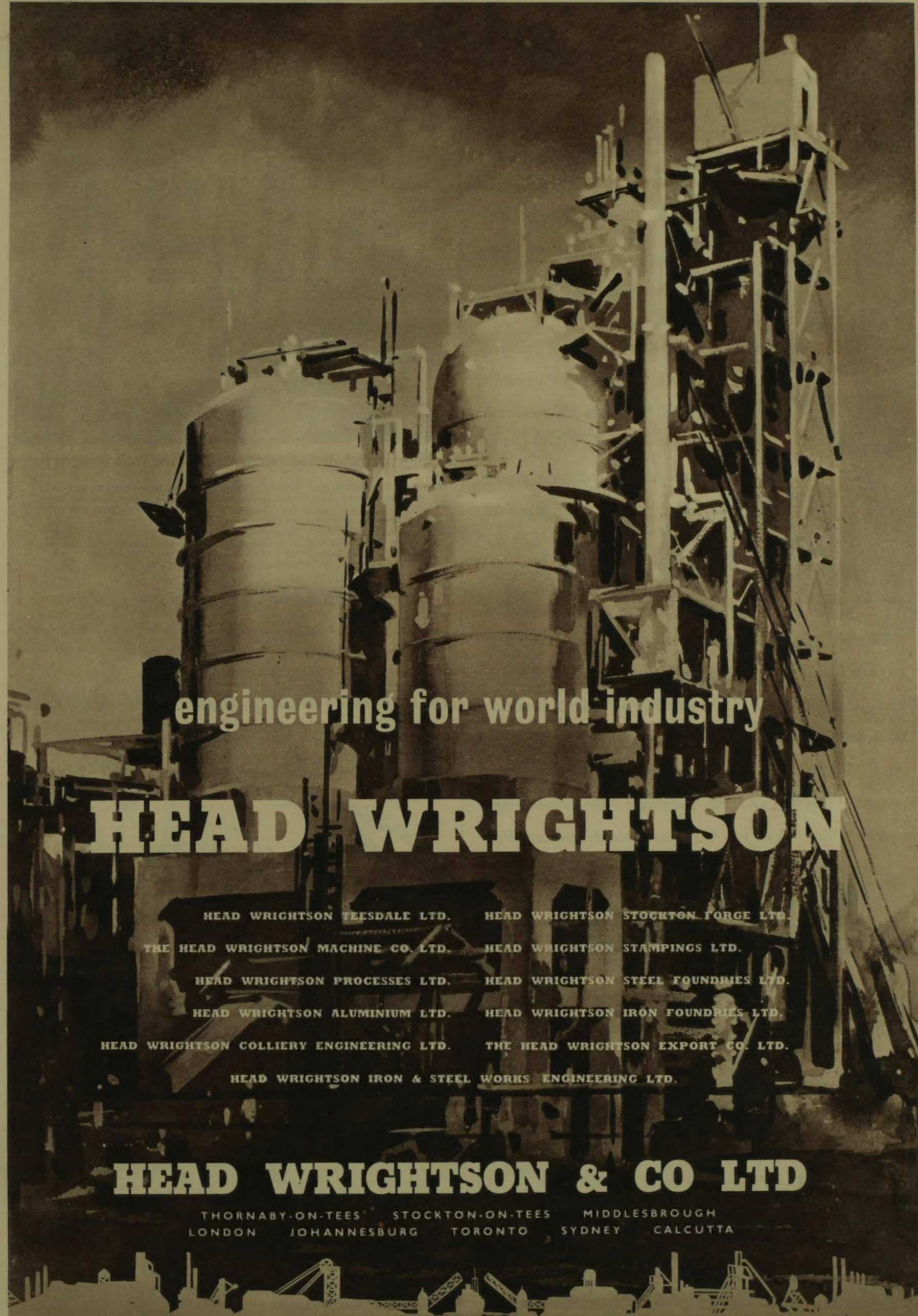
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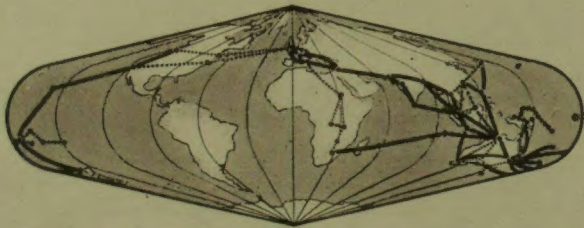
'Well sir, at exactly sundown yesterday you chose this brand of whisky and a small soda. And I thought that, as the sun has just set again 'Nonsense' said the passenger, 'use your eyes man! Sun *hasn't* set'. 'Not at this height, sir' said the steward gently 'but at zero feet, sir, immediately below us, the sun set the best

part of a minute ago'. The passenger looked down through the window. Too true, the earth was already in shadow. 'Well, well' he said with honest enthusiasm, 'well, well, well!' 'Shall I leave you to pour the soda, sir?' said the steward. 'Thanks' said the passenger 'Do. And — oh, steward!' 'Sir?' 'You win.' Qantas stewards *never* fuss. But they spoil our passengers — outrageously!



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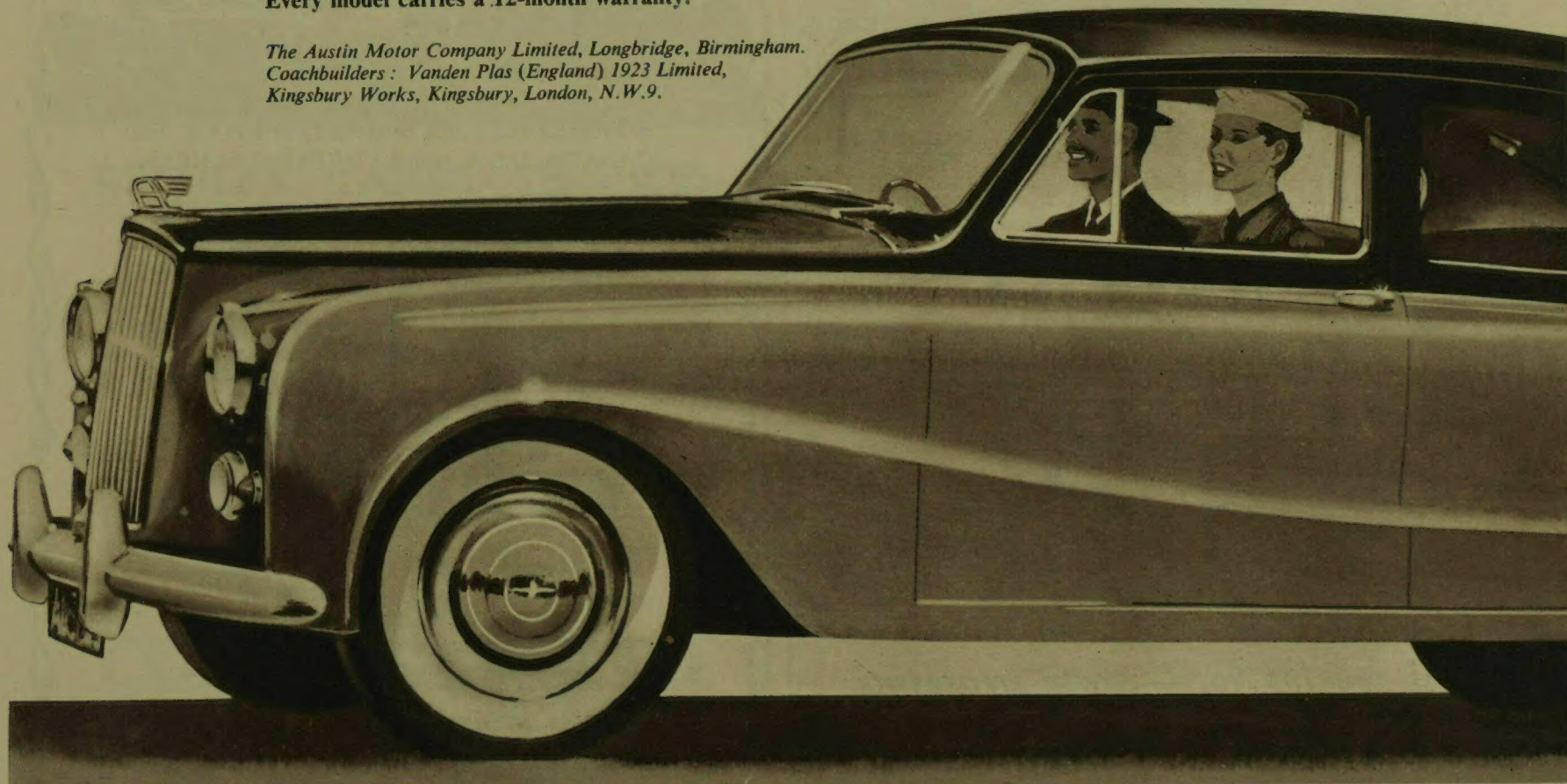
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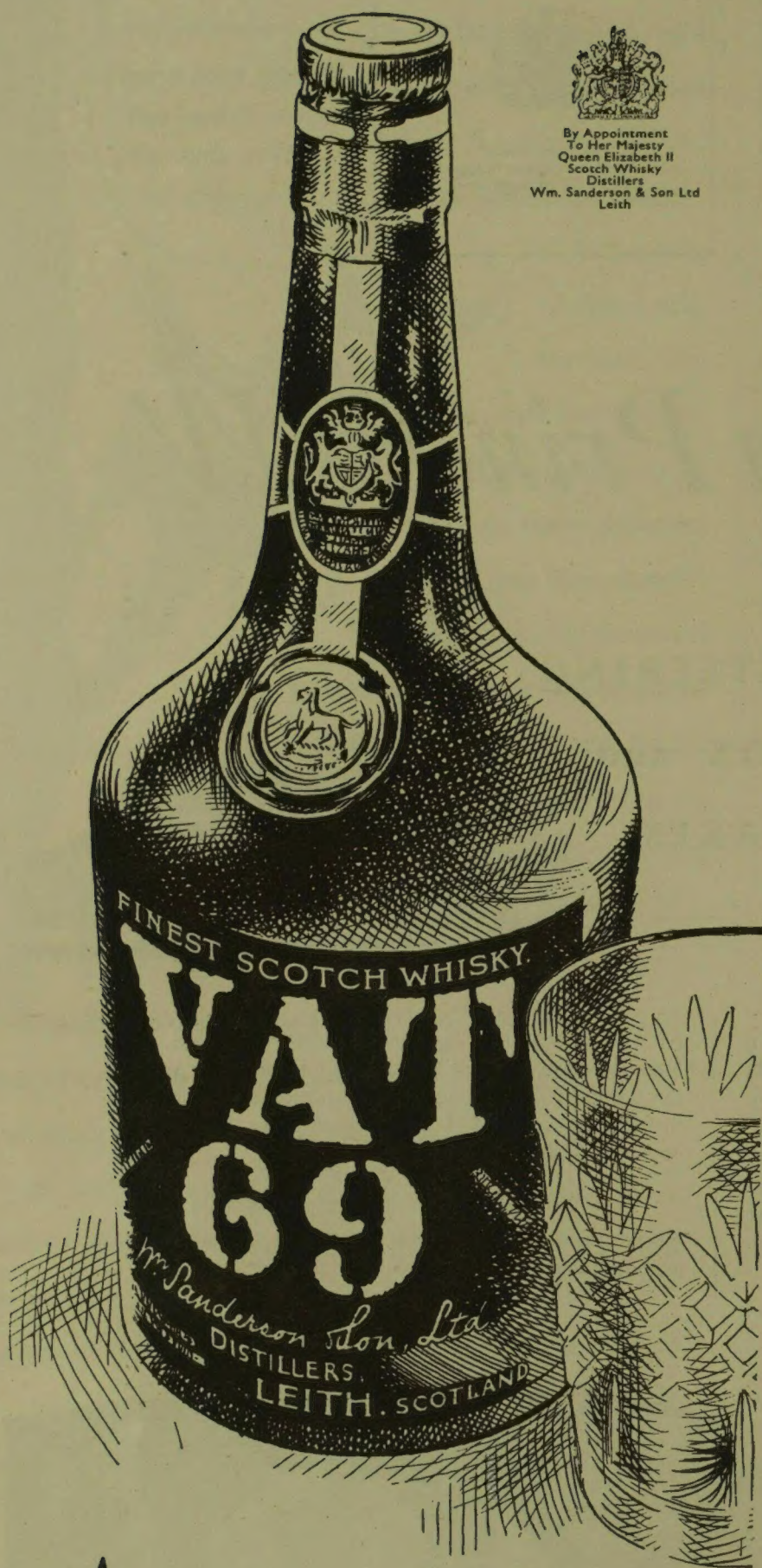
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Company's Royal Charter*

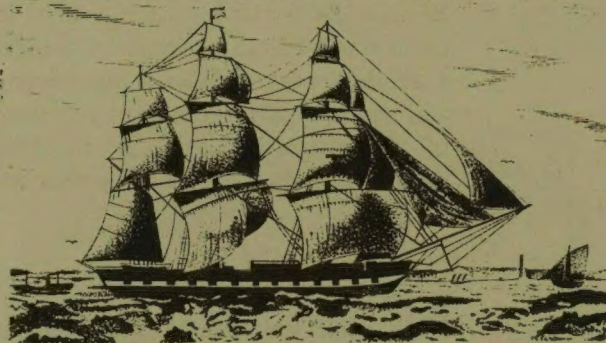
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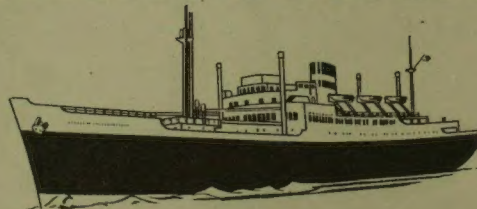
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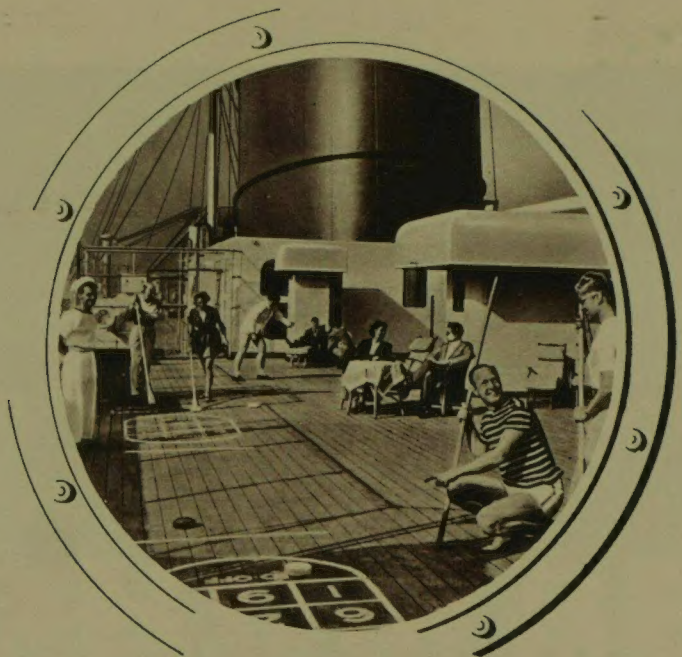
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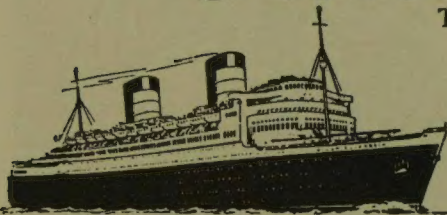
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To the Saxons, this was 'Moed-monath', the month of meadows.
The modern name, however, honours the best-known of all Romans and first
distinguished visitor to this island, Julius Caesar.

More than once we have been spurred on to greater efforts by the reminder that no successful invasion of these shores has taken place since 1066. That very odd landing by the French on the coast of Pembrokeshire in 1797 does not apparently count. Neither, it would seem, does the annual—and usually successful—'invasion' which we attempt to stem at Wimbledon and Henley. How nice it would be if we could retain the Diamond Sculls and/or win a Singles Championship . . . Beyond suggesting that the rallying-cry in this situation would appear to be '1066', the Midland Bank can offer no constructive advice. Instead, it contents itself by dealing expeditiously with the foreign visitors' banking requirements at its Overseas Branch, 122 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2 and at its 2130 branches throughout England and Wales.

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says **Stirling Moss**



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Of course, the main reason I'd go to a BP Garage is to get BP Super. But it's far from the only one. For instance they stock that amazing engine oil BP Energol 'Visco-static'.

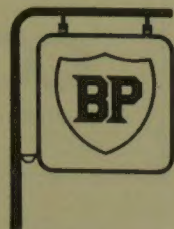
Then there's service. I've tried out a good many garages for minor repairs, tuning, and things like that. And nowadays I like to 'drive in where I see the BP sign'. BP Garages really know their jobs. I can always rely on them to find out what's wrong, and put it right. Quickly—and at a reasonable price.

Why not give your local BP Garage a try. I'm quite sure you'll be glad you did."

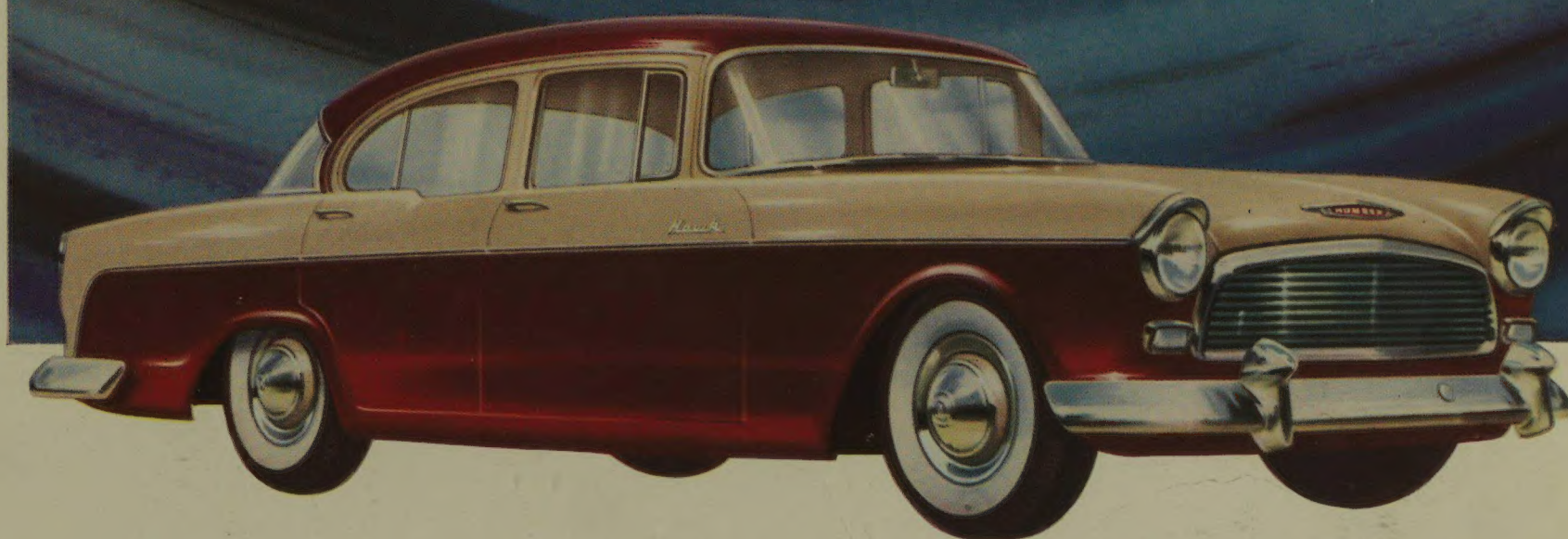
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SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1957.



INTRODUCING THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR TO A TELEVISION AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LIME GROVE SHORTLY BEFORE THE START OF HIS EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME—"THE RESTLESS SPHERE."

The International Geophysical Year began at 1 a.m. British Summer Time on the morning of July 1, and a few hours earlier millions of television viewers had an excellent opportunity of learning what it is all about in the B.B.C.'s programme, "The Restless Sphere," in which the Duke of Edinburgh was the outstandingly successful narrator. With great conviction he spoke of the I.G.Y. as the "greatest example of scientific co-operation in the history of our race." During the next eighteen months 50,000 scientists of sixty-three nations will be studying the earth's interior, surface and outside, and the

seventy-five-minute programme included a great number of instructive film sequences to illustrate what sort of work these scientists will be doing. Fascinating and often beautiful photographs, and first-rate production and editing, combined with the Duke of Edinburgh's outstanding narration to make this programme a vivid and stimulating introduction to a venture which will do much to change our knowledge of the earth—and which, as the Duke of Edinburgh implied in his closing words, may well be an important step in a new era of international co-operation in other fields.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BIG BROTHER isn't only watching us; he is apparently listening in to us, too, as we telephone! The Press has been full of the matter, even to near-hysteria; I seem to remember one account, no doubt much exaggerated, which stated that the telephone lines of some 2,000,000 of us were being tapped or had been tapped during the past few years with the authority of the Home Office. I was astonished even to be told that there were so many telephone subscribers in this country, let alone that they were regarded as such a suspicious and dangerous lot. I suppose to a policeman—or a Home Office official—all men are potentially dangerous and objects of suspicion; in dealing with them one cannot be too careful. Even Members of Parliament it seems, have at times been watched by the uniformed protectors of our security. Charles I, it will be remembered, took a somewhat similar line towards the people's elected representatives; for the good of the community, he held, their doings should be closely scrutinised so that, when he and his advisers considered the time ripe, they could be arrested and put out of harm's way. As for the common run of us, it is, of course, essential that we should be under police surveillance! How otherwise would the Police and Home Office know what we are up to or be in a position to stop us doing it? How, indeed?

For, as critics of Authority are apt to forget, all this is being done for the public good or what is supposed by Authority to be the public good. The officials who order our telephones to be tapped and our private conversations to be recorded do not think of themselves as tyrants or even as spy-masters; they merely see themselves as conscientious, patriotic men, doing their duty and thereby serving the Commonwealth. It never occurs to them that they are anything else, and they are no doubt as bewildered as they are shocked when a clamour such as the present arises. Which all goes to show how important it is, if liberty is to be preserved, that those invested with power over our lives should themselves be subject to public scrutiny and control. For it is in the nature of Authority to suppose that all it does to exercise control over others must by its very nature be permissible and praiseworthy. Big Brother never doubts the righteousness of Big Brother's mission, whether he rules from the Kremlin, the Pentagon or the offices of the local Urban or Rural District Council. When in office, a Beria, a Torquemada, a Senator McCarthy lurks in the breast of every one of us; we have only to be put in authority over our fellows for the belief in our omniscience and the goodness of our exercise of it to become a canon of faith. It was this that made Shakespeare, in the bitterest of all his plays, note how

man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

That it would be a prudent exercise of authority to take recordings of the telephone conversations of everyone who might conceivably at some time or other endanger the State is, given the existence of such a machine as the telephone, a perfectly natural reflection in a human being invested with authority. Yet in its ultimate consequences it is, I believe, a more dangerous one than any treachery or conspiracy that disgruntled elements in the body politic could fabricate against society.

For the best security of a nation is the independence, the self-respect, the mutual confidence in one another and in their rulers, of its people. Whoever undermines that independence, self-respect and mutual confidence undermines society itself. An official who, out of the highest motives, listens in or orders others to listen in to the private telephone conversation of any citizen whom he has not an overwhelmingly strong reason to suspect of crime or treachery is unconsciously making a breach in the dyke that protects the community from anarchy and disintegration. A nation is the growth of centuries of mutual trust and dependence; its rulers cannot act towards it

like the baser ushers of an old-fashioned preparatory school without lowering its morality and weakening its spirit. Every despotism creates its own Nemesis in the cumulative degradation of a people's character. The ways of a bully and the ways of a sneak are complementary; a Paul Pry in Whitehall breeds a spiv in every alley. In this connection one cannot help recalling that wise Minute written by Sir Winston Churchill to the Minister of Food shortly before D-Day,

You will gain much credit by stamping on these little trashy prosecutions and also purging the regulations from petty, meticulous, arrogant officialism, which tends to affect the reputation of a great and successful Department.*

The best way to rule men and evoke virtue in them is to trust them and inspire them to a sense of public responsibility and obligation by trusting them. Telephone tapping, and the whole petty paraphernalia of twentieth-century mechanistic tyranny are calculated only to destroy patriotism. Science, by putting new technological instruments of tyranny into the hands of Authority, is merely making Authority suspect. If every husband—or vice versa—were able to buy at, say, Woolworth's a secret pocket tape-recorder for spying on his wife's every word and action and did so, the institution of marriage would presently collapse in a welter of mutual suspicion and resentment. It is so, too,

with society; in the last resort public spirit and patriotism depend on love, which tyranny in authority extinguishes as surely as Captain Shaw's "Brigade with cold cascade," in Gilbert's song, used to extinguish fires.

The trouble about the progress of modern technology, like that of modern administration, is that it obscures for rulers the necessity of thinking about first principles. Rule of thumb is always dangerous because, out of inertia and laziness, it is accepted as a substitute for that far more subtle, complicated and valuable mechanism, the individual human mind, heart and conscience. Governmental practice to-day is constantly being vitiated by this fatal reliance on soulless formulas and gadgets; I read only yesterday of a woman who had invested her savings in a £250 seaside cottage in which to spend her retirement and who had not only had it requisitioned under a Clearance Order of the local council but had been given only £56 compensation for it on the grounds that, as she was not yet living in it, she was only entitled to "site value" under the terms of the Act of Parliament that authorised such tyrannical conduct. An attempt by the officials of the local authority to relax this rigid rule in favour of this poor defrauded woman was defeated by the inexorable ruling of the Ministry itself which had drafted the Act. The State, in other words, had

perpetrated through its administrative channels a sordid swindle which, committed by a private individual, would have earned its author the contempt of every decent man and, in all probability, a prison sentence. Administrators and legislators, by creating and perpetuating such a mechanism of public injustice, are endangering the whole fabric of society they seek to serve, for they are bringing government itself into contempt and hatred. An official functionary listening in on a private telephone line does the same thing. Those who exercise authority have an especial interest in honourable conduct, for the sentiment and practice of honour are the cement of nations. A cad in power has the same effect as a forger in a bank; he disintegrates the community he pretends to serve. It is our business, wrote Burke of those who serve by ruling a free community, "to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen." To redress the perversions of modern materialistic and mechanistic administration there ought to be a special Department of Government—a high administrative Court of Justice—to examine and expose all such offences by Authority against fundamental principles of honour and decent dealing, and, where correction is not possible by the action of the Executive alone, to bring them to the notice of a reforming Legislature.

* Sir Winston Churchill; "The Second World War." Cassell. p. 540.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 4, 1857.



IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM WHICH WAS OPENED A CENTURY AGO:
THE EDUCATIONAL COLLECTIONS.

In *The Illustrated London News* of June 27 and July 4, 1857, we published a long account of the opening of the South Kensington Museum "which was visited by her Majesty and Prince Albert on June 20, when the entire suite of buildings was lighted for the occasion." The above illustration, taken from the latter issue, shows "the Educational Collections" which occupied the central portion of the iron building. The objects shown comprised: "specimens of scientific instruments, objects of natural history, models of schoolrooms and school-fittings, casts of classical statues and a library of 5000 volumes." The South Kensington Museum, which stood where the Victoria and Albert Museum now stands, is represented to-day by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Science Museum. The Science collections were moved in 1865 to buildings on the site which the present Science Museum still occupies. A recent article in *The Times* pointed out that the Science Museum is Britain's best-attended museum to-day.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT LIVERPOOL FOR THE 750TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY'S CHARTER.



(Left.) THE QUEEN MOTHER AT LIVERPOOL UNVEILING THE PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE REBUILDING OF THE BROWN LIBRARY—AFTER INSPECTING THE BLITZED REMAINS.



(Right.) AT THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION HOUSING ESTATE: THE QUEEN MOTHER PHOTOGRAPHED INFORMALLY IN ONE OF THE HOUSES—THAT OF MR. AND MRS. FIRMAN—WHICH SHE VISITED.



WAITING FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ARRIVAL: THE BAND OF THE KING'S REGIMENT (LIVERPOOL) PLAYING AND MARCHING BEFORE THE GAILY-DECORATED TOWN HALL.



AFTER HER FINAL ENGAGEMENT IN LIVERPOOL, A VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE BISHOP, THE DEAN AND LORD DERBY.



AT THE DUNLOP FACTORY AT SPEKE, LIVERPOOL: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE GENERAL WORKS MANAGER, WATCHING A STAGE IN THE MAKING OF GOLF BALLS.



ANOTHER INCIDENT AT THE DUNLOP FACTORY: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER TALKING TO ONE OF THE WORKERS CONCERNED WITH THE MANUFACTURE OF TENNIS BALLS.

1957 is the 750th anniversary year of Liverpool's charter—and, indeed, earlier this year we published a special issue devoted to this great port's history and features of interest. On June 25 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the city to take part in the Charter celebrations. Her first call in this visit was at the Dunlop factory at Speke, where she saw the manufacture of golf and tennis balls; and later visited the nearby corporation housing estate, where she was cheered by great crowds of mothers and children. The procession then moved to the Town Hall, which, together with its approaches, was gay with bunting. Here the Queen Mother

inspected a guard of honour and appeared on the balcony to wave to the crowds before going in to a civic luncheon. In the afternoon she inspected the blitzed remains of the Brown Library and unveiled a plaque which records her visit and commemorates the beginning of the rebuilding. In the Picton Library she was shown the ancient Charter of the city and also a fourteenth-century manuscript of a poem "Les Voeux du Paon," which has been acquired by the library to mark the occasion of the Queen Mother's visit. After calling in at the "Industry Advances" exhibition, the Queen Mother concluded her Liverpool day with a visit to the Cathedral.

THE FIRST WEEK AT WIMBLEDON: SOME OF THE PLAYERS WHO SPRANG SURPRISES.



WEARING A SUN-HAT: N. FRASER (AUSTRALIA) DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH HE DEFEATED B. PATTY (U.S.A.).

(Right.) FIGHTING TO RETAIN HIS TITLE: L. HOAD (AUSTRALIA), THE 1956 CHAMPION, IN PLAY DURING THE FIRST WEEK, IN WHICH HE DID NOT LOSE A SET.

ALTHOUGH the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships opened at Wimbledon on June 24 with grey skies and rain, the first week ended in blazing sunshine in which scores of people fainted as the temperature soared to over 100 degrees. Of the eight players seeded for the Men's Singles, no fewer than seven reached the quarter-finals; the only giant missing was Hamilton Richardson, the top-ranking player of the United States.

(Continued below)



ON THE FIRST FRIDAY: A VIEW OF THE CENTRE COURT WITH U. SCHMIDT SWEDEN; NEAREST CAMERA) IN PLAY AGAINST D. CANDY (AUSTRALIA).



THE PLAYER WHO KNOCKED OUT R. K. WILSON (BRITAIN) IN FOUR SETS: S. DAVIDSON (SWEDEN), SEED NO. 4, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE.



(Left.) IN PLAY AGAINST M. ANDERSON - V. SEIKAS (U.S.A.), SEED NO. 6, WHO DEFEATED THE AUSTRALIAN, WHO IS TWELVE YEARS HIS JUNIOR, AFTER THE MATCH ANDERSON COLLAPSED.

(Continued.) seeded No. 3, who was beaten on the opening day of the championships by the Chilean, Luis Ayala. The only unseeded player to reach the quarter-finals was Ulf Schmidt, of Sweden. Of the eight players seeded for the Women's Singles only four reached the quarter-finals: Miss Althea Gibson, Miss Louise Brough, Mrs. Dorothy Knodel and Miss Darlene Hard, all of the United States. Great Britain's representative Miss Angela Mortimer was defeated on the

(Right.) WALKING ON TO THE CENTRE COURT: J. DROBNY (EGYPT) WITH (RIGHT) ASHLEY COOPER (AUSTRALIA), WHO DEFEATED THE FORMER CHAMPION.



SWEDEN; NEAREST CAMERA) IN PLAY AGAINST D. CANDY (AUSTRALIA).



(Left.) AN UNSEEDED PLAYER WHO REACHED THE QUARTER-FINALS: MISS REYES (MEXICO); RIGHT WITH MISS K. FAGEROS (U.S.A.), WHOM SHE DEFEATED. MISS REYES IS EIGHTEEN.

(Continued.) to this country. Two other girls, still in the junior under-21 event, to reach the quarter-finals were Miss Reynolds, of South Africa, and Miss Reyes, of Mexico. The remaining quarter-finalist was the fifth-ranking American, Mrs. Pratt. At the half-way stage, L. Hoad, of Australia, the reigning champion, who did not drop a single set in the first week, was still favourite for the men's title, and Miss A. Gibson, of the United States, remained favourite for the women's title.

(Right.) THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD LIVERPOOL GIRL WHO DEFEATED THE NO. 8 SEED: MISS S. ARMSTRONG, WHO BEAT MISS V. PUZIOVA (CZECHOSLOVAKIA) BY 6-4, 1-0, 6-1.

AT THE HALF-WAY STAGE: SOME PLAYERS WHO MET TRIUMPH AND DISASTER.

(Left.) A THIRD-DAYS SURPRISE: MRS. FAN-CUTT (SOUTH AFRICA), THE UNSEEDED PLAYER WHO DEFEATED MRS. T. D. LONG (AUSTRALIA), WHO WAS SEED NO. 6, BY 6-8, 9-7, 9-7.

(Continued.) fourth day by Miss K. Fageros (U.S.A.) and Miss Shirley Bloomer (G.B.) champion of France and Italy, was defeated on the first Saturday by Britain's sixteen-year-old player, Miss Christine Truman, who became the sole home survivor in the quarter-finals. It is Miss Truman's first appearance in the senior championships at Wimbledon, and it is widely predicted that before long she may well bring back the tennis crown.

(Continued below)



AN OPENING DAY EXCITEMENT: L. AYALA, THE UNSEEDED CHILEAN PLAYER, DEFEATING H. RICHARDSON (U.S.A.)



HEROINE OF THE FIRST SATURDAY: MISS CHRISTINE TRUMAN, THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRITISH PLAYER, WHO DEFEATED MISS S. BLOOMER (BRITAIN), SEED NO. 3.



TWO Russian naval occasions have excited comment in the Western world. Almost simultaneously Russian warships have moved through the Suez Canal—for the first time in forty years—and Russia has delivered three submarines to Egypt. The two destroyers which have passed through the Canal are said to be *en route* to Vladivostok. It is quite possible that this will prove to be the case and that they will not make a long stay in the Red Sea. On some previous occasions, apparently dark Russian designs have proved to be, in fact, exactly what they had been announced to be. When the great financier of Kipling's "Captains Courageous" got into his private train all his rivals made ready for war, but his journey was in fact domestic.

The question was asked, however, whether these ships threatened interference with the freedom of navigation in the Gulf of Aqaba. This would be a very serious matter, and might involve something as dreadful as a complaint to the Security Council, which is the way we do things nowadays. On the whole, however, if Israel is to be challenged and the United Nations to be flouted once again by Egypt, it would seem rather more probable that this would be done by means of the submarines which made their way to Alexandria, though, of course, both flotillas might act in concert. Another alternative would be the shadowing of the United States Fleet in the Mediterranean by the submarines, but it is difficult to decide how much value would be derived from such a measure. The movements of this fleet in the confined waters of the Mediterranean are widely known.

What does seem clear is that Russian relations with Colonel Nasser are very close. The United States and the United Nations between them have, in effect, handed over the Suez Canal to Nasser entirely. He can keep out whom he will. He can close the Canal altogether when he chooses—and did, in fact, close it on June 22, when some people thought, apparently incorrectly, that the object was to hide the passage of the submarines through to Suez. This last seems a naïve speculation because, if movements in the Mediterranean are difficult to conceal, movements through the Canal must surely be impossible. Egypt, and possibly Syria, with her, have gone over more thoroughly to the Russian camp. Russia may well feel more at home in the Suez Canal.

Assuming that these submarines were transferred to the Egyptian Navy and manned either by Egyptians or by men recruited in East Germany, the explosive effect of interference with the freedom of navigation in the Gulf of Aqaba would still be grave, but not as serious as if this were attempted with warships flying Russian colours. On the other hand, it would be more dangerous to such vessels. The United Nations has no naval contingent in the emergency force, though, by posting a handful of infantry at Sharm es Sheikh, it has rendered unlikely any Egyptian attempt to replace the battery which was blown up by the Israelis last year. I am inclined to doubt whether the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE RUSSIAN SUBMARINES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

more sinister interpretations of these naval moves will prove to be justified, at all events in the near future. They may turn out to be unpleasant in other ways. The range of the submarines is greater than would be required for operations in the Gulf of Aqaba.

The most interesting effect, however, of the appearance of these submarines is the more general comment which it has aroused in the United States Navy. It so happened that at the time they entered the Mediterranean and made their way to Alexandria the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Burke, was cruising with the Sixth Fleet. He made some remarks on the possible implications of their voyage, but it also led him to speculate about the whole Russian submarine problem, which is indeed an extraordinary one and not easy to

Russian submarine fleet, far more efficient as regards equipment—efficiency of crews is an unknown factor—than the German fleet which we had to face in the Second World War, would represent a deadly threat to Atlantic traffic. The force of the threat would be increased if Russia's land forces secured the Norwegian coast

and the outlet from the Baltic and so brought the submarine bases closer to the ocean areas in which they were to operate.

The second case would be a major war fought between the great powers without the use of thermo-nuclear weapons, but otherwise at full scale. If we imagine this to be possible, we shall conclude that it would be in many respects a repetition of the Battle of the Atlantic. The two chief differences from Russia's point of view would be, first, that her submarine fleet would start the war, from the word go, in very great strength, far greater than that of Hitler's Navy in 1939; and, secondly, that it would not start the war quite so favourably placed from a geographical and strategic point of view as was the case with Hitler's submarines.

But are either of these kinds of war probable? The first of them was certainly envisaged a few years back, when men talked of a "broken-backed" war of long duration. Everyone realised that, however badly our back might be broken, we should have to do our best to keep Atlantic freighters moving. Since then, however, the power of thermo-nuclear weapons has greatly increased and there has been less talk of a protracted "broken-backed" war. I have never accepted the proposition that a nuclear war would be ended in a matter of hours and consider that it might go on for a matter of weeks. By the end of that period the Russian submarine fleet might certainly have become an important factor, but it is hard to believe that it would be worth building up to its present vast strength for a war of a fortnight or three weeks.

The possibilities of the other kind of war—conventional forces at full strength and using all possible means of waging war, but thermo-nuclear weapons kept out—are certainly rather greater. As I have said, if it did occur these submarines would be a very large factor in it. Yet it must be doubted whether a war fought on such a scale and involving all the most powerful nations in the world could be kept to the pattern of the Second World War. The pressure to use other weapons would be great, especially on the side which felt it was getting worsted and was driven to desperation by the prospect. All that can be said is that it is a little easier to conceive than the other hypothesis and that it may be the one to which Russia leans at present in her pursuance of the submarine building policy initiated in different circumstances just after the war. It would be interesting to have some authoritative study of the "pull" of the Russian Navy in defence policy.



SPEAKING TO SOME OF THE RELATIVES OF THOSE WHO DID NOT RETURN: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY OF THE DUNKIRK WAR MEMORIAL ON JUNE 30.

Some 1700 relatives of those commemorated were present when the Queen Mother unveiled the Dunkirk Memorial at Dunkirk just over seventeen years after the miraculous evacuation from the Dunkirk beaches. The memorial, which commemorates some 4700 soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force who lost their lives in France and have no known grave, consists of an avenue of stone columns on which the names of the fallen are engraved, leading up to the central shrine. After the simple unveiling ceremony the Queen Mother moved among the relatives whose attendance at the ceremony had been arranged by the British Legion.

interpret. Admiral Burke remarked that the submarine fleet was estimated to number over 450 vessels.

Russia was, said the Admiral, a nation short of iron and far from possessing sufficient electronic equipment. "Yet she chooses to build more submarines in a year than the United States has made since the war." He added that these vessels were not being built for fun. Quite so, but it is by no means easy to be sure what they are being built for, what policy they represent, and how it ties in to Russia's general war policy. They would be invaluable to Russia on two suppositions and in no other circumstances that I can discover; at least nothing which would make worth while the great economic effort alluded to by Admiral Burke.

The first case would be that of a major war with no holds barred, in which every kind of weapon up to the megaton bomb was used, but which, nevertheless, went on for a considerable time, for months at least. In this case a great

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



LOUISIANA, U.S.A. A HELICOPTER VIEW OF SOME OF THE RUINS OF CAMERON. BETWEEN 200 AND 300 PEOPLE WERE KNOWN TO HAVE DIED IN THE HURRICANE AND THE TIDAL WAVE. On June 27 the hurricane *Audrey* struck the coast of Louisiana and was followed by a 20-ft. tidal wave which swept inland over the low-lying country. Many people had been evacuated from the area; but even so, this was classed as a "major disaster" and at the date of writing it was believed that the death-roll was about 275 persons.



LOUISIANA, U.S.A. TOSSED ASHORE IN THE HURRICANE AND 20-FT. HIGH TIDAL WAVE WHICH BROUGHT DISASTER TO THE COASTAL TOWN OF CAMERON: THE FISHING BOAT *THREE BROTHERS*.



GENZANO, ITALY. THE *INFIORATA*, THE STREET CARPETED WITH FLOWERS IN PATTERNS AND PICTURES OVER WHICH THE PROCESSION PASSES AT THE END OF CORPUS CHRISTI. There are several places in Italy where floral mosaics are made, but by far the most famous and elaborate is that of Genzano, near Rome, where a whole street is laid out as an elaborate floral carpet, whose brief life is ended as the Corpus Christi procession passes over it. Flower petals, leaves and wine sediment are the chief "pigments" used in these transient pictures.



GENZANO, ITALY. MAKING THE FLORAL MOSAIC CARPET. FLOWER PETALS AND VIOLET WINE SEDIMENT ARE SCATTERED INTO PREVIOUSLY CHALKED PATTERNS.



GENZANO, ITALY. "THE HOLY CHILD AND THE PASCHAL LAMB": ONE OF THE MORE ELABORATE FEATURES OF THE FLORAL CARPET MADE FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE MEDITERRANEAN. ON A VISIT TO U.S. WARSHIPS: THE SHAH OF PERSIA BEING TRANSPORTED IN A BO'SUN'S CHAIR TO THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER FORRESTAL ON JUNE 21.



KOREA. TO MARK THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FORCES FROM SOUTH KOREA: A PARADE AT MUNSAN. The British Commonwealth Forces' seven-year association with South Korea was ceremonially ended on June 13 when the 1st Bn., The Royal Sussex Regiment, slow-marched from a parade-ground at Munsan at a combined Queen's Birthday and Farewell Parade.



KOREA. AT THE PARADE MARKING THE WITHDRAWAL OF COMMONWEALTH FORCES FROM KOREA: THE ROYAL STANDARD BEING LOWERED.



EAST AFRICA. A HUNT IN KENYA, NEAR THE EQUATOR: THE LIMURU HUNT SETTING OUT SHORTLY AFTER THE MEET.

Hunting is not a sport one associates with the Tropics, but the Limuru Hunt is active each Sunday. The artificial scent for the drag-hounds is laid in the Limuru district, about 20 miles from Nairobi and about 7000 ft. above sea-level. The hounds are rewarded with fresh meat at the end of the chase. There are no foxes in the area.



EAST AFRICA. IN MOMBASA HARBOUR: A RECENT VISIT TO THE ROYAL EAST AFRICAN NAVY OF THE C.-IN.-C., EAST INDIES (RIGHT CENTRE).

The Royal East African Navy is the most recently-formed in the world. Above, Vice-Admiral H. W. Biggs, C.-in.-C., East Indies, is seen inspecting its ship H.M.E.A.S. *Rosalind* in Mombasa Harbour, where the Navy's shore-base is situated.



U.S.A. A NEW BADGE FOR THE U.S. NAVY: A FALLING BOMB WITH TWO ELECTRONS REVOLVING—WHICH IS NOW TO BE WORN BY MEN CONNECTED WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS.



THE PACIFIC OCEAN. BOARDING A SUBMARINE AT SEA: REAR-ADMIRAL ELTON W. GRENFELL LANDING ON THE U.S. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS* FROM A HELICOPTER RECENTLY.



ITALY. FOUND IN EXCAVATIONS WHICH MAY THROW NEW LIGHT ON THE LOCATION OF ST. PETER'S GRAVE: A TOMBSTONE FROM A ROMAN CEMETERY UNEARTHED NEAR THE VATICAN PALACE LAST AUTUMN.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



WEST GERMANY. AT DORTMUND: A VIEW OF ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST MODERN SYNAGOGUES IN A COUNTRY WHERE JEWS MAY NOW WORSHIP FREELY.



BERLIN. A POIGNANT REMINDER OF THE SAVAGE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS: A SYNAGOGUE GUTTED DURING THE NAZI REGIME IN GERMANY. Jewish communities are slowly forming again in German cities, and one of Europe's most modern synagogues is the one in Dortmund which is shown, left. Some of the many Jews who lost property under the Nazi régime are being compensated by the present Bonn Government. It is estimated that to-day there are some 30,000 Jews living in Germany, 2500 of them behind the Iron Curtain.



ITALY. SPANNING THE RIVER ARNO IN FLORENCE: A MODERN CONCRETE BRIDGE CALLED AFTER THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO THE NEW WORLD—AMERIGO VESPUCCI. Florence, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, is justly proud of its famous mediaeval bridges. Now a new modern concrete bridge, one of three projected, spans the Arno down-river from the Ponte Santa Trinità. It is called the *Amerigo Vespucci* in honour of the great Florentine navigator who gave his name to the New World as America, and whose fifth centenary was celebrated in 1954. The old bridges, destroyed by the Germans in 1944, are being rebuilt with painstaking care.

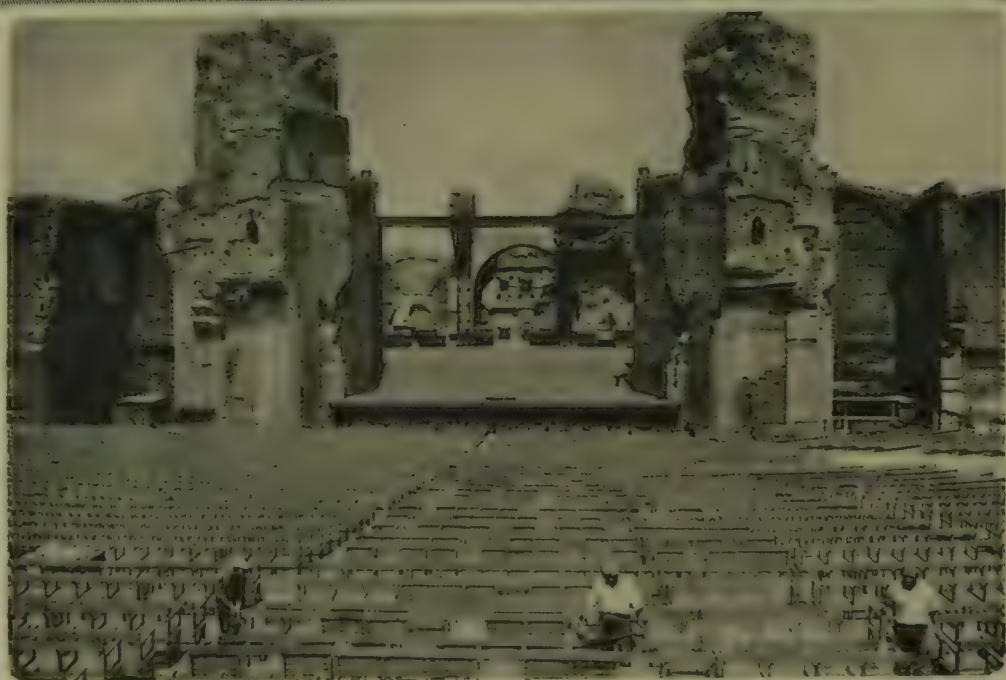


NEW ZEALAND. AT THE END OF A 570-MILE TOW: THE BRITISH LINER *CAPTAIN HOBSON* (LEFT) APPROACHING AUCKLAND UNDER TOW FROM THE BRITISH FREIGHTER *PORT MACQUARIE* (RIGHT). The British migrant liner *Captain Hobson* (9306 tons) can be seen in this photograph approaching Auckland, New Zealand, on June 18 under tow from the British freighter *Port Macquarie* (7329 tons). The *Captain Hobson*, with 590 migrants from Britain aboard, developed serious engine trouble over 500 miles from New Zealand and was towed through a heavy Pacific swell to Auckland.



THE UNITED STATES. OUT OF ACTION DURING HATCHING OPERATIONS: AN OVERHEAD CRANE AT A BUSY WORKS IN MARIETTA, OHIO, WHERE A ROBIN BUILT HER NEST ON THIS PULLEY. THE WORKERS, BUSY UNLOADING RAILWAY TRUCKS, USED ANOTHER CRANE TEMPORARILY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ROME. PREPARING FOR MODERN OPERA IN THE ANCIENT IMPERIAL BATHS: WORKMEN ARRANGING THE TIERS OF SEATING AMONG THE RUINS OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA FOR THE FORTHCOMING SUMMER SEASON OF GRAND OPERA IN THE OPEN AIR.



EPIDAUROS, GREECE. PERFORMING THE CLASSICAL TRAGEDY OF GREECE IN THE ANCIENT THEATRE: *IPHIGENIA IN AULIS* AT EPIDAUROS. The Epidauros Festival, now in its fourth year of presenting the classical Greek tragedies and comedies, opened this year on June 14 and is presenting, in modern Greek, plays by Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes.



LONDON. KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK LOOKING FROM THE BRIDGE-DECK OF THE DANISH ROYAL YACHT *DANNEBROG* AS IT LAY IN THE POOL OF LONDON.



LONDON. THE DANISH ROYAL YACHT *DANNEBROG* LYING NEAR THE TOWER BRIDGE. SHE HAD BROUGHT KING FREDERIK TO JOIN HIS FAMILY. Queen Ingrid of Denmark and her three daughters, the Princesses Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne-Marie, arrived in London on June 19 for a private visit and were joined by King Frederik on June 27. They were due to leave in *Dannebrog* on July 2.



PANMUNJOM, KOREA. GENERAL LITZENBURG (SPEAKING INTO MICROPHONES) ANNOUNCING THAT U.N. FORCES WOULD IN FUTURE BE ARMED WITH MODERN WEAPONS. On June 21 in a plenary session of the Korean Armistice Commission at Panmunjom, the senior U.N. member, General Litzenburg, announced that the United Nations no longer felt bound by armistice provisions against replacing outmoded weapons, as a result of repeated Communist violations of the armistice. Replacements would, however, be fully defensive in purpose.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. KING FAISAL OF IRAQ (LEFT) WITH KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN AT THE AIRPORT AFTER KING HUSSEIN'S THREE-DAY VISIT. On June 24 King Hussein ended the three-day visit he had been paying to Iraq, during which, it is believed, financial discussions took place as a result of which it is understood that Iraq will meet King Hussein's requests for aid in replacing the former British subsidy.

AT BRITAIN'S NEW AVIATION RESEARCH STATION: THE NEW £11M. WIND TUNNEL.

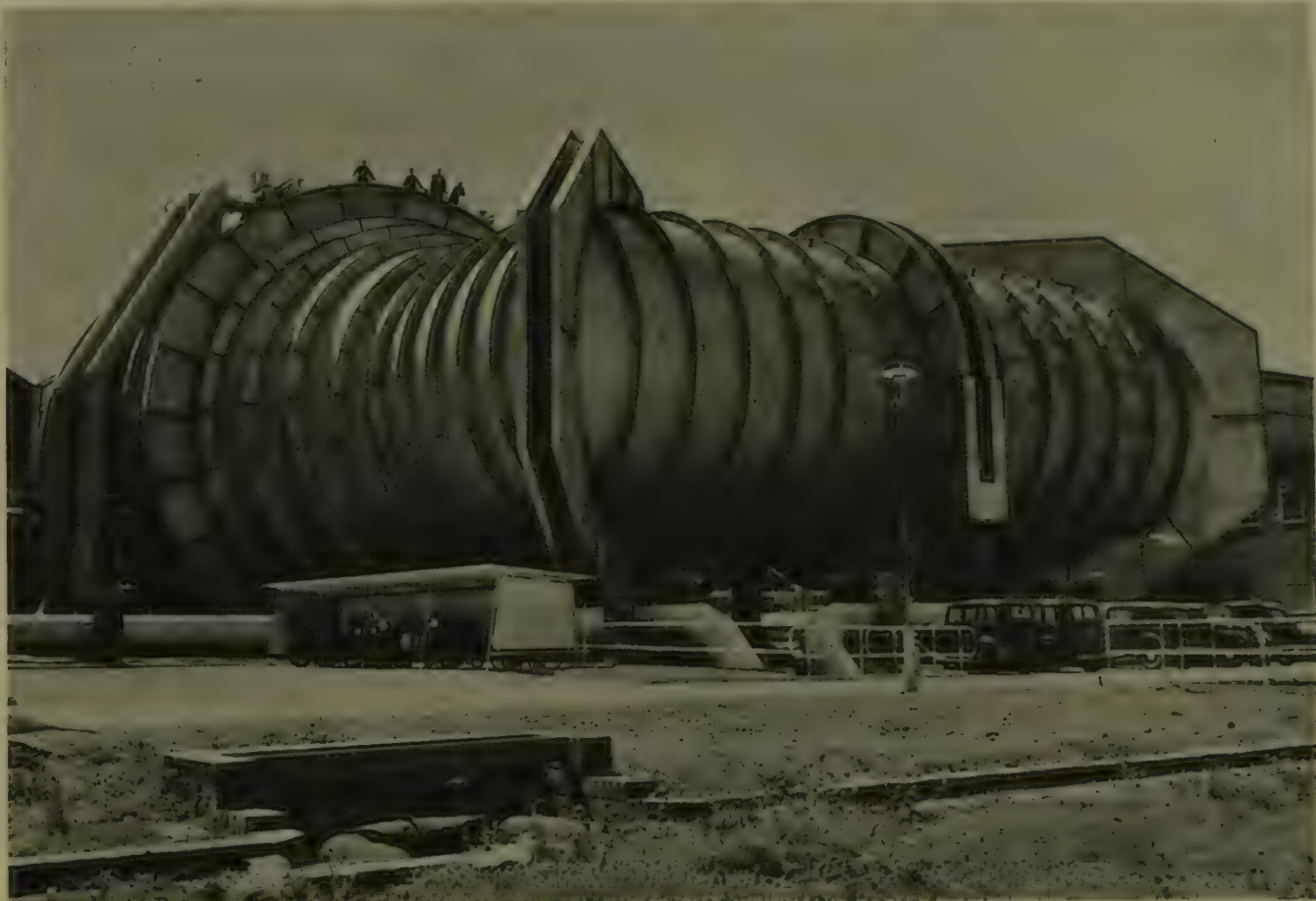


BRITAIN'S NEW RESEARCH STATION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, BEDFORD, WHICH WAS OPENED ON JUNE 27.

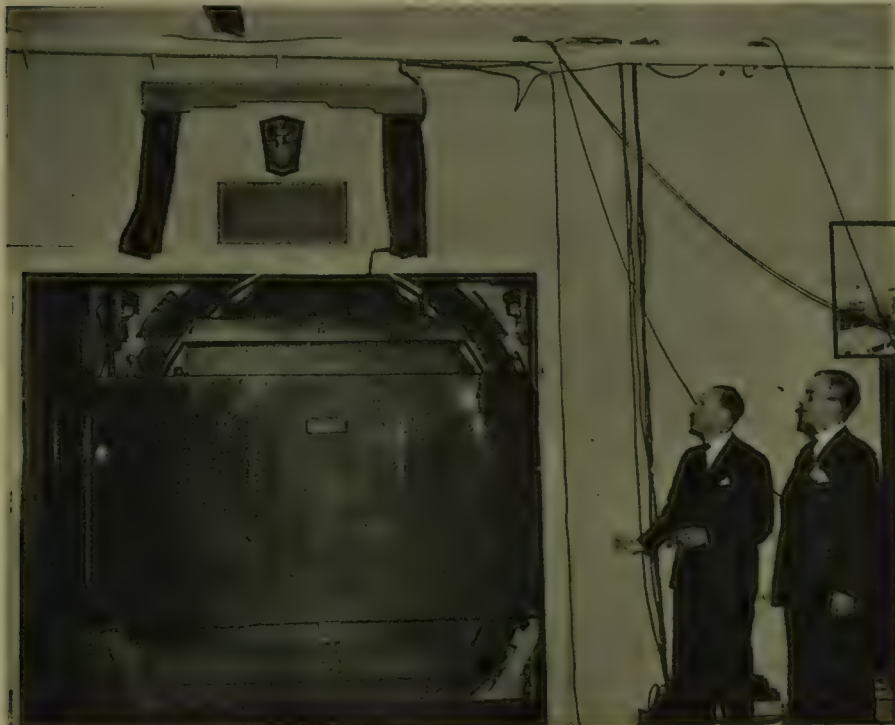


THE BIGGEST AVIATION RESEARCH STATION IN ENGLAND: THE R.A.E. AT BEDFORD, WHICH INCLUDES A SUPERSONIC WIND TUNNEL.

ON June 27 Mr. Aubrey Jones, the Minister of Supply, opened the biggest aviation research station in England, which has been built at a cost of £30,000,000. This is the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Bedford, which is an extension to the Farnborough establishment. The official opening ceremony was held in the new supersonic wind-tunnel building, which cost £11,000,000 and has been built to provide information for the design of high-speed aircraft on models, either of complete aircraft (or missiles), or of basic shapes to investigate more fundamental characteristics. In his speech Mr. Jones described the largest of the wind-tunnels at Bedford as "the most powerful and the most complex in the country, and we believe second to none in the world." In the aircraft section, opened in the afternoon, a land-based steam aircraft catapult—the only one on this side of the Atlantic—was demonstrated for the first time in public. During the demonstrations an aircraft was to have been arrested by the new nylon barrier, but the barrier failed when a *Meteor* jet was taxied into it.



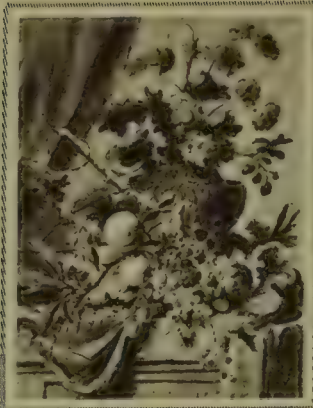
AT BEDFORD: A VIEW OF PART OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEWLY-OPENED £11,000,000 WIND TUNNEL.



UNVEILING A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE: MR. AUBREY JONES, THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY, WHO OPENED THE R.A.E. AND NEW SUPERSONIC WIND TUNNEL.



IN THE NEW 8-FT. SUPERSONIC WIND TUNNEL: MR. J. SWAN, THE ENGINEER IN CHARGE, SEEN ALIGNING A TEST MODEL.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE SAGA OF NAUSEA HOGWASH.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

TEN years ago, when I first came to live in the Cotswolds, I kept a pig. In fact, I kept a dynasty of pigs, if one can

call two pigs, one after the other, a dynasty. And now, after a lapse of several years, I am sometimes sorely tempted to keep a pig once again.

In those days, when food rationing was still in full force, the reasons for keeping a pig were potent indeed. Half the folk in our village seemed to have home-cured hams and sides of bacon hanging from their ceilings. After several years of almost enough bacon per week to marry to one egg, the idea of two whole sides of home-cured at which to cut-and-come-again, *ad lib.*, and at any time, not to mention hams and countless etceteras—well, that settled it. There was, moreover, a desirable and well-built pigsty in my garden, with a Cotswold stone tile roof, and a front yard paved with concrete. So I bought a female piglet and set to work to learn about pig-craft. The first thing was to join the local pig club, and I would advise any amateur pig-master to do the same. Many real and valuable advantages go with membership: co-operative buying of food-stuffs, veterinary attendance, and insurance, among others.

Then, most important, a name for the pig. I settled for Nausea Hogwash. She was a charming personality, with an insatiable appetite—especially for illegal foods—and an astonishing capacity for rapid growth. Her breed? Who could say. There were indications of Saddleback, suggestions of Old Gloucester Spot, and traces of this and that besides. It was only on Sundays that we called her by her full name. At other times she was just Nausea. How she loved having her back scratched with a stick, or, better still, a rake. Directly one started she would freeze. An expression of all Heaven would suffuse her face, and finally, in a spasm of ecstasy, she would swoon on to her side, never looking to see what she was swooning into.

In the end, of course, the end had to come. In theory I am against being sentimental about a pig, even if you have given it a personal pet name. But I admit that I happened to be out on a certain afternoon, and came back in the evening to find our great, cool larder, which used to be the farm dairy, behung with a bewildering array of delicacies, not any one of which resembled or reminded me of dear Nausea in any way. For days we feasted upon joints and etceteras, especially what is called spare rib or "sparrib," and friends in the village helped us out. But why, oh why, does a pig—or a sheep, too, for that matter—have only two kidneys? Nature's great mistake. They should have whole clusters of them. A dozen at least. The curing was a tremendous business. I dug out an old formula or recipe, in manuscript, in a recipe book which had belonged to my mother. Among other ingredients I remember there were juniper berries and molasses. A neighbour lent me a great "lead" in which to carry out the embalming operations, and

looking back upon those last rites, I am reminded of certain passages in Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One."

I have forgotten most of the technical terms and jargon with which I became familiar during Nausea's reign. I even forget how many "score" she weighed. All that I recall is the noble vision of two great sides of bacon and a brace of magnificent hams, clothed in white samite (actually butter muslin), by no means mystic, but in those days truly wonderful, depending from the stout ceiling hooks with which my old farmhouse is provided. I remember, too, the reactions of visiting friends, especially certain rather "ritzy" Londoners, when they sat down to our eggs and bacon, home-cured Nausea and new-laid eggs with plenty of what in Yorkshire they call dip, that is, the fat in which ham or bacon-and-eggs properly should swim. The more "ritzy" the visitor the

more fiercely his eyes would glitter with joy.

But what, you may ask, has all this to do with gardening? Elementary, my dear Watson. Nausea Hogwash produced and provided most wonderful enrichment for the compost heap, and the garden benefited accordingly. In fact, I am tempted to say that the garden has never looked quite the same since the Nausea era. Keeping a pig and at the same time running a garden provides a most interesting and valuable sort of symbiosis—a reciprocal back-scratching, as it were. The pig receives endless waste products from the garden, root vegetables, greens, windfall apples, and so forth. One of Nausea's favourite treats was the great sweet corn plants, with their thick, juicy, sugary stems, and an occasional odd corn cob attached.

In return, many barrow-loads of superlative manure were wheeled away from Nausea's abode to the compost heap, and so to the garden, to encourage bigger and better crops for the household—and Nausea.

And so to-day, despite the fact that one can go into almost any shop, and buy almost any sort of delicacy that one can almost afford, the sight of Villa Nausea, empty and deserted, tempts me to buy another piglet and produce ham and bacon such as one can never buy in shops. I have weighed the pros and cons in this matter, endlessly and repeatedly, and always the balance has balanced with infuriating unhelpfulness. I can think of only one factor which, if it could be achieved, would, I think, decide matters in favour of another pig. Nausea Hogwash was altogether too big, too prolific with her ample charms, too much, that is, for a family of three, and since those days the son who was then living at home has married. What I want is a small breed of pig, weighing, when fully-grown, no more than a Labrador dog, shall we say; or perhaps a trifle more. Yes, a little more than a Labrador. One has one's friends and visitors to think of. It has been suggested to me that I should buy what is known in porcine circles as a "runt" or an "arry" pig, the sort of under-developed

specimen which often occurs in a litter, and have it killed at an early age. No, no. I have no desire to kill, and cure, and eat a sucking runt. I want a definite breed of pig which is a convenient size when full-grown for a family of two, or three at most. Quite seriously, I believe that if some enterprising breeder would set to work to develop such a race of pygmy pigs he would earn the gratitude of countless folk with medium to small gardens, and at the same time earn a satisfactory amount of cash profit. There can be little doubt as to the possibility of producing the perfect pygmy pig. One has only to realise the fantastic and extravagant races of domestic animals which breeders have bred—pouter pigeons and fantails, greyhounds, Newfoundlands and Pekingese, Shetland ponies and Derby winners. Of course it could be done. So pygmy pigs, please, and if they have an extra quota of kidneys each, then I will most certainly buy one as a tenant for Villa Nausea.



THE GARDENER'S BEST FRIEND—THE PIG: A WESSEX SADDLEBACK, A CHAMPION GILT IN THIS CASE, BUT ALSO A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BREED WHICH IS PERHAPS THE AMATEUR'S FAVOURITE, AND WAS PROBABLY REPRESENTED IN NAUSEA'S ANCESTRY.

"Keeping a pig," writes Mr. Elliott, "and at the same time running a garden provides a most interesting and valuable sort of symbiosis—a reciprocal back-scratching, as it were." But he regrets that for a small family most breeds of pigs are "altogether too big"; and implores the breeders to produce a breed of pygmy pigs—a convenient size for a family of two. American breeders have, in fact, anticipated his requirements in the Minnesota pig but without his needs in view. The Minnesota was bred purely for research purposes and, as far as is known, none of the breed is obtainable on this side of the Atlantic.

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ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

NOW DISPLAYED IN NEW YORK: A UNIQUE GRINLING GIBBONS CARVED STAIRCASE.



NEWLY INSTALLED IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: THE MAGNIFICENT STAIRCASE FROM CASSIOBURY PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE, WHICH WAS CARVED BY GRINLING GIBBONS BETWEEN 1677 AND 1680, AND IS THE ONLY SURVIVING STAIRCASE CARVED BY HIM.



THE LOWER SECTION OF THE GRINLING GIBBONS STAIRCASE WHICH WAS ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM IN 1932.

IN the 1670's Arthur, second Baron Capel, who had been created Earl of Essex by Charles II in 1661, undertook the rebuilding of his family seat, Cassiobury Park, in Hertfordshire. As architect he employed Hugh May, who was related to him and who also worked for the King at Windsor Castle. Both at Cassiobury and at Windsor May was assisted by the wood-carver Grinling Gibbons (1648-1720), who had been born in Holland, probably of English parents. The work at Cassiobury was completed in 1680 and it is probable that Gibbons had been working there since 1677, that is to say, some ten years after his coming to England. In an entry for April 18, 1680, the diarist John Evelyn gives a full-length description of Cassiobury Park . . . "the house is new,

[Continued below, right.]



SHOWING THE ACANTHUS CARVED IN ASH: A DETAIL OF THE BALCONY.



A DETAIL OF THE BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED BALUSTRADE: THE SCROLLWORK BALUSTRADE IS CARVED IN ASH AND THE HANDRAIL AND OAK-LEAF-AND-ACORN STRING IN PINE.

[Continued.]

a plain fabric, built by my friend, Mr. Hugh May. There are divers fair and good rooms, and excellent carving by Gibbons." Nearly 250 years later, in 1922, the contents of Cassiobury Park were dispersed in a ten-day sale, and Gibbons' magnificent staircase, which had been somewhat altered when moved during rebuilding in the early 1800's, left its original home. In 1932 it was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it has now been newly installed in one of the decorative arts galleries on the first floor. The staircase rises in three flights to a balustraded landing above, and it has been carefully set up to enable the visitor to gain the best possible view of this brilliant "sculpture in wood." This is the only example of Gibbons' staircase carving to have survived, and it is a truly superlative example of the greatest English woodcarver's work. As it was one of the earliest of his commissions it is very likely that it was executed entirely by Gibbons' own hand. Three principal woods were used: oak for the risers, treads and landings; pine for the handrail and oak-leaf-and-acorn string; and solid ash for the scrollwork balustrade and pine-cone finials. Later varnish and paint has been removed and the staircase now appears as Gibbons left it, a light, natural brown. In his description of the staircase in the June issue of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin, James Parker, Assistant Curator of Post-Renaissance Art, writes: "Gibbons attempted to reproduce in wood the feats of the Dutch still-life painters. For the acanthus flowers and foliation, the bursting seed pods of the staircase balustrade, he may have turned to the plates of French ornamental designs, such as the foliage friezes engraved by Jean Lepautre. The oak leaves and acorns, as displayed on the string, were a Royalist device alluding to the twenty-four hours which Charles II spent hidden in the Boscobel 'Royal Oak' in 1651." The Lely double portrait seen hanging above the staircase is of the sisters of the first Earl of Essex, and is one of three portraits from Cassiobury at the Metropolitan Museum.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

PRINCES IN WAITING FOR THE CROWN.

"HEIRS APPARENT": By THOMAS SIDNEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE story of 'Heirs Apparent,' " we are told, "is a fascinating one which no historian has hitherto attempted to tell within the compass of a single book." We must accept this, I suppose, though it does seem strange, after generations of systematic book-making about historical personages, no one until now should have concocted a volume about Princes of Wales. Even now Mr. Sidney's theme is not all the Princes of Wales since that first proclamation at Caernarvon Castle, but only those born after the Hanoverians came in. James I's brilliant elder son, Henry, might have given him some interesting pages, so might Falstaff's friend Prince Hal, and a whole chapter could easily have been written about the greatest soldier of them all, the Black Prince. But no:

English anyhow, and so could have made no distinction between the two phrases) ordered the immediate arrest of the Prince of Wales. "Guards were placed outside his son's room [had he one only?] and no one was allowed to pass in or out or communicate with him." "The Government," proceeds Mr. Sidney, "was appalled at where a family quarrel had led, and advised the King that, whatever Electors of Hanover could do to their sons in Germany, Kings of England could not arrest the heir apparent to the throne." So the King kicked his son out of the Palace and "gave it to be understood that no man or woman known to be seeing his son would be acceptable at court, and even stooped to giving orders to the players that the Prince should not be allowed to visit the theatre." Later, according to Mr. Sidney, George I even considered a proposal that the Prince of Wales should be shanghaied aboard a ship and taken to America, "whence he would never be heard of more." Here Mr. Sidney gives a reference. I would that he had given more. Footnotes don't look pretty on a page, and notes are a nuisance at the end of a book, necessitating constant flipping to-and-fro. But one does want to know from whence an author derives his information, especially his more astonishing information: the arrival of those mulish Germans, brought in merely because they were anti-Papists, split England in twain. Faction was rife and the "cats" produced by the eighteenth century were not of one sex only. Mr. Sidney is sufficiently well-informed and his book is sufficiently interesting, for footnotes to it to be desiderata. He hasn't even an index.

could not have been written about Queen Victoria's Prince Consort.

To those two, and to the training of one who was Prince of Wales for a very long time, Mr. Sidney leads for his largest operation: George III succeeded young. He is described on the "blurb" here as "Britain's first virtuous King for centuries"—which is an absurd statement, in view of the fact that Charles I, an impeccable man except as a politician, was judicially murdered little more than a hundred years before "Farmer George" ascended the throne. From what we know about "poor Fred" it seems possible that he might have solved the American and Irish problems—his son reverted to rule. And then his sons reacted.

A great part of this book is concentrated on Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in the end Edward VII. Mr. Sidney is full and sound on this. Queen Victoria fell in love at first sight with a Coburg prince who, as Mr. Sidney says, was a



GEORGE IV AS PRINCE OF WALES BEING GIVEN HIS FIRST SEA-DIP AT BRIGHTON, THE RESORT WHICH HE WAS IN AFTER YEARS TO MAKE SO FAMOUS.
(From a popular print of the period.)

the Black Prince is just mentioned as being the last Prince of Wales before the future George II to have a child during the life of his father. Otherwise we are confined to the descendants of George I, with whom came in the Royal scandals, and the tradition of sons being at loggerheads with their fathers.

One such situation we encounter on the very first page. The son of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, was to be christened at St. James's Palace. "The infant prince," says Mr. Sidney, "was to have right Royal godparents in keeping with the dignity of his father. The Prince of Wales had chosen King George I, the Queen of Prussia, the Bishop of Osnaburg, and the Duke of York as sponsors. The King entered with members of his court, including the Duke of Newcastle and the Duchess of St. Albans, who were, the Prince of Wales understood, to act as proxies for the Royal sponsors. But when in due course the bishop asked for the godparents, the Duchess and Duke came forward, not as proxies, but, on the instructions of the King, as sponsors themselves. When it dawned on the Prince of Wales that his father had not only ignored his suggestions about the choice of godparents, but deliberately set out to humiliate him by picking subjects as godparents, his face flushed with anger. He stepped forward to the Duke of Newcastle. Exactly what he said we shall never know. The Duke of Newcastle reported to the King that his son had said: 'You're a rascal and I shall fight you,' which he took to be a challenge to a duel. The Prince protested that what in fact he said was: 'I shall find you,' meaning the opportunity would come for revenge."

Either way the scene was no suitable foreground to a font, and George I (who knew no



THE CHILDREN OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, INCLUDING THE FUTURE GEORGE III AS AN ARCHER. (From an engraving after Du Pan.)



GEORGE I WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH WHOM HE QUARRELLED SO BITTERLY AND SO PUBLICLY.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Heirs Apparent"; by courtesy of the publisher, Allan Wingate.

From George II Mr. Sidney moves on to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who is chiefly remembered for having died "as the result of a blow from a cricket-ball," and to have given rise to a metrical quib which, after suggesting that none of his relations would have been missed, finished up by saying that since it was "only Fred, who was alive and is dead, there's no more to be said." He died before he had a chance of showing what sort of King he would have made. Mr. Sidney quotes Smollett as saying that he—whom we know to have been charming, and fond of music and cricket—"was possessed of every amiable quality which could engage the affection of the people—a tender and obliging husband, a fond parent, a kind master, liberal, generous, candid and humane, a munificent patron of the arts, an unwearied friend to merit; well disposed to assert the rights of mankind in general and warmly attached to the interest of Great Britain." A better epitaph (and, with him, it would have been demonstrably true)

combination of a saint and an encyclopædia. She had the dreadful warning of her dissolute devil-may-care uncle, behind her, the noble example of her husband before her; and, not knowing quite what to do with so bad an ancestral record, she was resolved, both during her husband's life and after, to force her son into a mould, and make him also a saint and an encyclopædia. He hadn't the makings of either. He liked his fling in life—all the more because he had been so strictly governed, so crammed and so cooped up, at home, at Oxford and Cambridge; and as for knowledge, he preferred to gather it not from books but from meeting people of all sorts and origins. When he died he was "the Uncle of Europe."

His elder son, the Duke of Clarence, died young. His legend, as "Collars and Cuffs," was still alive at Cambridge when I was up. My history tutor, Dr. Tanner (the great Pepys scholar), told me that he had

coached him, but that he could barely have acquired a pass degree. Dr. Tanner also told me that, after the Duke of Clarence's death, he had gone regularly to London (I take it Buckingham Palace) to coach the future George V in the structure and working of the Constitution, and that he was certain that the future reigning monarch could have got a very sound honours degree in History. But he had been a regular professional Naval Officer.

I don't suppose that I shall be the only reader of this book who will deduce from it that the proper training of future Heirs Apparent should involve a prep-school, Eton, the Army or the Navy, or a University with no rigid restrictions. After all, our future Kings might as well, in early life, become familiar with people with whom they are bound to consort, publicly or privately, in later life.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 39 of this issue.

* "Heirs Apparent." By Thomas Sidney. Illustrated. (Allan Wingate; 25s.)

THE MIDGET SUBMARINE *SPRAT* SHOWS HER PACES IN THE THAMES.

GIVING AN IDEA OF THE SMALL SIZE OF MIDGET SUBMARINES: *SPRAT*, WITH THREE OF HER COMPLEMENT OF FIVE ON DECK, SEEN AT GREENHITHE.



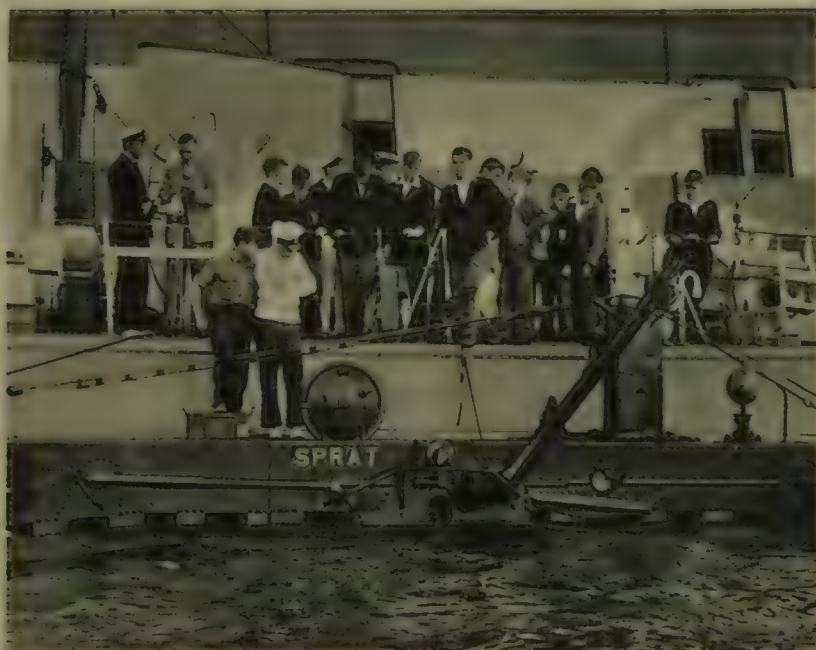
SPRAT SURFACING AFTER ONE OF HER DEMONSTRATION DIVES IN THE THAMES: THE SMOKE IS FROM A SMOKE CANDLE RELEASED BY THE SUBMARINE TO MARK HER POSITION WHILE SUBMERGED, AND, BEYOND, CROWDED WITH ONLOOKERS, IS HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.



ON BOARD H.M.S. *SPRAT*: THE CAPTAIN OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE, LIEUTENANT H. R. BRILL.



IN LONDON, WHERE SHE PERFORMED DEMONSTRATION DIVES IN THE THAMES AND WAS VISITED BY SCHOOLBOYS: *SPRAT* PASSING BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.



SOME OF THE SCHOOLBOYS WHO WENT ABOARD *SPRAT*, WHICH IS HERE SEEN MOORED ALONGSIDE H.M.S. *ABERFORD* AT GREENHITHE.

The Navy's midget submarines were demonstrated to the public for the first time recently when H.M.S. *Sprat* paid a visit to London. On June 25 *Sprat* was inspected by representatives of the Press and on subsequent days was seen by groups of schoolboys and sea cadets. The submarine was berthed alongside the seaward defence vessel, H.M.S. *Aberford*, off the Embankment, and on June 26 performed some demonstration dives near Hungerford Bridge and the Festival Hall Pier. To indicate her position, *Sprat* towed a white marker and occasionally fired off smoke candles. The

captain, Lieutenant H. R. Brill, said he encountered some difficulty with the mixture of salt and fresh water in the Thames. *Sprat* is one of a class of four midget submarines built in 1954 and 1955, the others being named *Minnow*, *Shrimp* and *Stickleback*. She has a displacement of 35 tons and is 55 ft. long. The hull has a basic diameter of 5 ft. and inside, the captain and his crew of four have to work in a very limited space. *Sprat* had visited Greenhithe on her way to London and was later to sail up to Richmond for further demonstrations.

ADDING A NEW NOTE OF BEAUTY TO LONDON'S NOBLEST ARCHITECTURAL PANORAMA:
CUTTY SARK, OPENED BY H.M. THE QUEEN AS A MEMORIAL TO THE MERCHANT NAVY.



AT THE OPENING OF *CUTTY SARK*: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH EXAMINING THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE AT THE STERN END OF THE DRY-DOCK.



STANDING IN THE BOWS OF THE GREAT TEA-CLIPPER, WHICH POINT TOWARD THE LONDON-RIVER SHE SAILED SO OFTEN: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE DURING THEIR TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE SHIP.

On June 25 the Royal Standard was struck on the foremast of *Cutty Sark* (now restored, refitted and preserved in a permanent dry berth near Greenwich Pier) as H.M. the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, descended into the dry-dock to see the commemorative plaque at the landward end and the stone laid by Prince Philip to commemorate the preservation in 1954. The Queen and the Duke then began a tour of the interior and decks of the vessel, which though planned to last half an hour, lasted a full hour so keen was their interest in the vessel and in the work of the craftsmen who preserved,



MAKING A FITTING ADDITION TO LONDON'S NOBLEST GROUP OF ARCHITECTURE: *CUTTY SARK* IN HER PERMANENT DRY-DOCK BESIDE GREENWICH PIER. ON THE LEFT ARE THE FOUR GREAT BLOCKS OF WREN'S ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, WITH, AT THE EDGE OF THE PARK, WIGG JONES'S NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM BUILDINGS. THE OBSERVATORY STANDS HIGHER UP THE SLOPE. (Photograph by Aeroflms, Ltd.)

rigged, and berthed her. Before going ashore the Queen inspected what is believed to be the world's largest private collection of ships' figureheads (presented to the ship by Mr. Sidney Cumber); and speaking from the poop, Queen Elizabeth declared "*Cutty Sark*, last of clippers, open to the public in her permanent berth at Greenwich." *Cutty Sark*'s own figurehead is a new one carved by Mr. Arthur Levison, of Farnham, Surrey, from specially processed blocks of laminated white pine from Ontario which is the joint gift of the Canadian Lumbermen's Association, Canadian Forest Productions

and the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce. While the *Cutty Sark* Society, which has been responsible for preserving the ship, will provide bursaries for the training of boys for the Merchant Navy, to which the ship is a permanent memorial, *Cutty Sark* herself, standing in a riverside garden which the L.C.C. have planned, will add a fitting note of beauty and additional maritime interest to what is, as our central photograph shows, one of the noblest and most interesting groups of buildings in England. This magnificent scene, incidentally, will be further glorified in August and September when



AFTER HER TOUR OF THE SHIP WHICH LASTED AN HOUR INSTEAD OF THE SCHEDULED HALF-HOUR: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE NOW RESPLENDENT CLIPPER.



HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT THE "GINGERBREAD" OR SCROLLING AND THE FINE FIGUREHEAD CARVED FROM LAMINATED CANADIAN PINE, WHICH REPRESENTS NANNIE FROM BURNS'S POEM "TAM O' SHANTER."

it will be the first locale of a *Son et Lumière* display in this country, which will be held nightly during these months. *Son et Lumière*, which was first introduced in the Loire Valley in 1952 by M. Robert-Houdin, is a combination of dramatic floodlighting combined with recorded music, dialogue and narrative, reproduced through a stereophonic sound system which suggests the presence of invisible actors. It is being staged on behalf of the Ministry of Works by the *Daily Telegraph*, who are also guaranteeing the project against loss. *Son et Lumière* displays have proved very popular in France.



HIGHER THAN NELSON'S COLUMN AND LARGER THAN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : THE GIANT RADIO-TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK, CHESHIRE.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY'S new giant radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, in Cheshire, is the largest in the world. It is now almost complete and makes a striking new landmark in the Cheshire landscape near Crewe. Its huge parabolic bowl reflector, which is 250 ft. in diameter and weighs 700 tons, is completely steerable, and the total weight of the movable structure, including the bowl, is 2000 tons. This bowl, which is by far the biggest of any completely steerable telescope in the world, can be pointed in any direction by pressing a button, and can even be turned upside down. This mammoth structure has been designed by Mr. H. C. Husband and the steel constructions were fabricated and directed by the United Steel Structural Company. The telescope will be equipped both as a receiver of the radio waves emitted by celestial bodies and also as a transmitter. In its second rôle it will provide the biggest steerable radar set in the world.



WHERE THE LARGEST RADIO-TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD IS OPERATED : THE INTERIOR OF THE CONTROL ROOM.

TO PROBE THE INVISIBLE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE: MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY'S HUGE RADIO-TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK.



IN THE BOWL OF THE LARGEST RADIO-TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD: WORKMEN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE 250-FT.-DIAMETER REFLECTOR OF MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY'S RADIO-TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK.

It is hoped that the Altazimuth Paraboloid Radio Reflector at Jodrell Bank—to give Manchester University's giant radio-telescope in Cheshire its full name—will eventually help to solve the mystery of the creation of the universe. As Dr. A. C. B. Lovell, who is Professor of Radio-Astronomy at Manchester, pointed out at a recent Press visit to Jodrell Bank, this sort of telescope can reach further out into space than optical telescopes have ever been able to do. It will be possible to obtain a picture of events many millions of light years away. "With this telescope," he said, "it

would be bad luck if we could not reach the limits of the universe." During its first two years this radio-telescope will be used to study the host of questions which have arisen out of the new science of radio-astronomy, and as the biggest instrument of its kind, it will be used to perform tasks that smaller instruments already in existence have been unable to tackle. The bowl will receive radio waves emitted by stellar bodies far beyond the range of optical instruments, and in many cases these waves will have taken "almost as long to reach us as the total suggested age of the universe."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



EVERY so often we read in the Press of a fire believed to have been caused by a bird taking a lighted cigarette-end to its nest on the rafters of a building. As a news item it is usually given little prominence. As a contribution to scientific knowledge it seems worthy of being followed up closely. It was, in fact, a press-cutting that started me on the trail of the phoenix. We know that some birds will pick up lighted cigarette-ends and fly off with them. Pliny tells us that birds (probably jackdaws, but this is not certain) carried burning embers on to the thatched roofs in Rome, setting the houses on fire. In 1203, it is on record, birds were seen carrying glowing embers to the thatched roofs in the City of London, thus spreading the fire. It was to test the truth of these things that we set fire to a handful of straw in the aviary of *Niger*, a tame rook. If he had picked up a glowing ember of straw we should have been satisfied. Instead of this, he gave us the most astonishing display.

My daughter took the straw into the aviary, put it on the ground, took a match from the box and struck it. The moment it burst into flame *Niger* became excited, flew over and snatched the lighted match. Holding it in his beak, he spread his wings forward and twisted his tail to one side and under the body, at the same time holding the lighted match under one wing. There was nothing new in this for us. I have described it some time ago on this page (July 16, 1955), when it was performed by another rook, *Corbie*, who also struck his own match by holding it in one foot and pecking its head until it burst into flame. Now it was *Niger's* turn.

It was some time before the straw could be lighted because *Niger* snatched each match as it was struck. He also snatched several of them before they could be struck, as soon as they were taken from the box. And in the end he could not wait for matches to be taken out but seized the box itself. However, finally a match was successfully put to the straw, which burst into flames. *Niger* literally leapt on to the flames and, almost literally, wallowed in them. His wings were sometimes spread sideways, for the simple reason that his body was pressed down to the straw. The tail might be twisted to one side as before, or merely fanned out. The straw burnt in the characteristic way; that is, tongues of flame would leap up and die down, and, as the flames died down temporarily, smoke rose from the straw until the flames burst out again.

Whether flames or smoke, *Niger* still wallowed. He might jump off for a moment, but he came back immediately into the attitude of spread wings and twisted or spread tail. From time to time he would snatch at a flame or a wisp of smoke with open beak, biting off, so to speak, a beakful of flame or smoke and pass it under one wing, as he had done with the lighted match.

The one thing that surprised us during the whole of this performance was that the flames seemed to have no effect on *Niger's* feet or on his feathers. It was as if he were immune to fire. Nor did his open beak take any harm when he bit at the flames, and it was then that we noticed the beak was brimming with saliva.

PHOENIX REBORN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

History does not tell us what the jackdaws did on the thatched roofs of Rome or the old City of London. They probably behaved as *Niger* did. If so, they were indulging a veritable orgy. It was as if, having had his appetite whetted, no amount of burning straw would satisfy him.



"IT WAS WHEN HE HAD SNATCHED ONE OF THE MATCHES THAT *NIGER* LEARNED TO STRIKE IT": *NIGER* HOLDING, IN HIS LEFT FOOT, A MATCH WHICH HE HAD JUST STRUCK ALIGHT WITH HIS BEAK. SMOKE FROM THE IGNITING MATCH IS DRIFTING ACROSS HIS BREAST FEATHERS.



LOOKING JUST LIKE THE TRADITIONAL PHOENIX: *NIGER* ABOUT TO WALLOW IN THE FLAMES FROM A FRESHLY-LIGHTED HEAP OF STRAW PLACED ON A PLATFORM ABOVE HEAD-LEVEL. NOTE THE NICTITATING MEMBRANE DRAWN OVER THE ROOK'S EYE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

It should be stressed at this point that at no time was any attempt made by us to encourage *Niger* to play with fire, much less did we place him on the burning straw or near it. When we repeated the tests, the straw was placed at the opposite end of the aviary from him, but always he would race over to it. Furthermore, if to-day one of us walks past the aviary with a handful of straw, he will rush up to the wire in an excited state with wings half-spread and tail slightly twisted to one side, doing his best to reach through the wire for it. He will do the same if one takes a box of matches from a pocket within his sight.

It was when he had snatched one of the matches that *Niger* learned to strike it. He flew to a perch with it, held it in one foot and pecked at the head until it burst into flames. Then he picked it up in his beak, spread his wings forward, twisted his tail to one side and passed the lighted match under one wing, as before. This is the typical action and posture in what has been termed anting, because it is most commonly seen with an ant being used in the beak in the same way as *Corbie* and *Niger* employ the lighted match. They will both do it, also, with ants, showing the same apparent frenzy not only in the presence of ants, but at the sight of them several feet away.

Niger's performance was, in one sense, remarkable, but in another sense it is commonplace. There can be no doubt that the fascination exerted by the flames and that exerted by ants are related; the posture assumed by the bird, and the way it behaves, are identical in both instances. Anting is known to be widespread; it has been observed in some fifty species of birds. The addiction to smoke and flames has been less commonly observed, but there are several records of birds "anting" in the smoke of log fires, while jackdaws and starlings quite often perform in the smoke coming from the chimneys of houses. I have also seen birds behaving in this same way in the smoke and flames of wood and heath fires. Unless one knows what it means there is something pathetic in their frenzied behaviour, then, as if they are distraught, trying to return to their nests among the flames. That is the appearance, but when one has experience of anting in any of its forms it is very clear that the birds are voluntarily flying into the flames and smoke, for they hover over them momentarily with wings brought forward and tail fanned or twisted to one side. This lasts but a few seconds before the bird begins to lose height. Then it flies away, but immediately wheels back to hover once more in the "anting" posture.

We have not proved by these experiments and observations that birds do, in fact, carry glowing embers or lighted cigarette-ends to their nests, and so cause fires. We have, however, shown such an event to be within the bounds of credibility. There remain but two more things to say. The first is, and I would stress this, that there was no cruelty imposed on *Niger*. He is still alive and well, totally unharmed, and as sprightly as ever. The second is prompted by a remark made in a letter from a reader who referred to the "odd things you find to write about." But is this odd? Only in the sense that we fail to observe it, for it must be a relatively common occurrence.

PHOENIX REBORN: A ROOK'S REMARKABLE BEHAVIOUR WHICH MAY RESOLVE A RIDDLE.



AS THE BUNDLE OF STRAW IN HIS AVIARY BURSTS INTO FLAMES: NIGER, THE TAME ROOK, FLIES IN AND LANDS IN FRONT OF IT.



NOW SPREADING HIS WINGS FORWARD AND TWISTING HIS TAIL TO ONE SIDE: NIGER IN THE TYPICAL "ANTING" POSTURE.



CROUCHING EXCITEDLY OVER THE BURNING STRAW: NIGER FORMS A CANOPY OVER THE FLAMES WITH HIS OUTSTRETCHED WINGS.



IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT: NIGER HAS TAKEN A GLOWING EMBER IN HIS BEAK AND IS HOLDING IT UNDER ONE WING.



PHOENIX-LIKE BEFORE THE FLAMES: NIGER COMES TO NO HARM THROUGH-OUT THIS REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.

While it has often been our privilege to publish news of important discoveries in science, art, archaeology and other fields, we take special pleasure in presenting this unique series of photographs which may resolve the centuries-old riddle as to the identity of the phoenix. As Dr. Burton endeavours to show on the facing page, the phoenix is not any one bird but represents a trick of behaviour which is rarely observed. These photographs were taken by Dr. Burton's daughter, Jane, in the aviaries at their home in Surrey where *Niger*, the tame rook, is still indulging in similar orgies whenever he gets an opportunity. This bird has never been coerced



AFTER KNOCKING THE BURNING STRAW TO THE GROUND AND FOLLOWING IT: NIGER SHOWS HIS ECSTASY AS HE SPREADEAGLES HIMSELF OVER IT.

in any way, his performance on every occasion is entirely voluntary and, surprisingly, his contortions in the flames seem to have no detrimental effect on his feet or feathers, almost as if, fakir-like, he was immune to fire. At the height of *Niger's* ecstasy as he "ants" in the flames, with his body pressed down on the burning straw, his beak brims with saliva and the nictitating membranes are drawn over his eyes. As soon as the straw in *Niger's* cage has been lit he will literally leap upon the flames and, almost literally, wallow in them with wings spread and head turned to one side, looking for all the world like the phoenix of the legend.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

EUROPEAN PICTURES FROM AN ENGLISH COUNTY: WORKS FROM HANTS, IN LONDON.



(Above.) "LANDSCAPE WITH FISHERMEN," BY NICHOLAS LANCRET (1690-1743): IN THE EXHIBITION OF "EUROPEAN PICTURES FROM AN ENGLISH COUNTY" AT MESSRS. THOS. AGNEW'S, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 13 ins.)

THE high quality of many of the pictures still to be found in English private collections to-day is convincingly illustrated by the exhibition of "European Pictures from an English County," which contains sixty-six paintings personally selected by Mr. Geoffrey Agnew from collections in Hampshire. This interesting exhibition, which continues until July 27, is being held in aid of the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society. Though Regional Exhibitions have been held recently in a number of counties, this is the first time that pictures from an English county have been shown in London as a single collection. No English pictures have been included in the exhibition because these were "acquired generally by commission or for family reasons, and not, strictly speaking, collected in the way that pictures of the foreign schools were brought together." In fact, the exhibition, which includes works from thirty-one different collections, provides a fascinating insight into the taste of English collectors.

(Right.) "WINTER SCENE NEAR HAARLEM," BY SOLOMON RUISDAEL (c. 1600-1676). SIGNED AND DATED, 1656. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 43½ ins.)



"VETHEUIL," BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), IN THE SMALL GROUP OF IMPRESSIONIST AND 20TH-CENTURY FRENCH PAINTINGS FROM HAMPSHIRE COLLECTIONS. (Oil on canvas; 20 by 24 ins.)



"PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS ANNE": VAN DYCK'S DELIGHTFUL STUDY FROM LIFE FOR THE HEADS OF THE TWO YOUNGEST CHILDREN IN HIS GROUP OF THE FIVE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I AT WINDSOR. THE YOUNGER CHILD IS INACCURATELY INSCRIBED AS HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. (Oil on canvas; 11½ by 16½ ins.)



"JUPITER AND CALLISTO": A VERY LIVELY GRISAILLE SKETCH BY FRANCOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). (Oil on canvas; 35 by 26½ ins.)

DUTCH AND ITALIAN PAINTINGS FROM HAMPSHIRE: IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"A VIEW OF THE VENETIAN LAGOON FROM MURANO": A VIVID WORK BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), WHICH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE THIRD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON (1784-1865). (Oil on canvas; 10 by 13 ins.)



"VENICE: THE PIAZZETTA AND LIBRARY": A SUPERBLY-PAINTED CANVAS BY ANTONIO CANALETTO (1697-1768) WHICH WAS ACQUIRED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THERE ARE FIVE VENETIAN CANALETTO'S IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 30½ ins.)



"THE CASTLE OF VALKENHOF": ONE OF TWO OUTSTANDING LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS BY AELBERT CUYP (1605-1691) IN THE EXHIBITION OF "EUROPEAN PICTURES FROM AN ENGLISH COUNTY" AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S. (Oil on canvas; 44½ by 65 ins.)

The Dutch School of the seventeenth century is especially well represented in the exhibition of "European Pictures from an English County." This selection of paintings from Hampshire collections is to be seen at Thos. Agnew and Sons, 43, Old Bond Street, until July 27. The exhibition is being held in aid of the British Red Cross Society, Hampshire Branch. Outstanding among the Dutch paintings are the two superb Cuyp landscapes, which, as Mr. Geoffrey Agnew points out in his introduction to the catalogue, are not equalled anywhere in Holland to-day. They illustrate the artist's wonderful feeling for landscape and his gift for making the figures fit naturally and convincingly into the scene. Two Dutch artists from the same family, Solomon Ruisdael and his nephew, Jacob, are both represented by striking



"WINTER LANDSCAPE," BY JACOB RUISDAEL (1629-1682): A PICTURE WHICH HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "A PERFECT TRANSCRIPT OF NATURE." (Oil on canvas; 14½ by 12½ ins.)



"A VILLAGE WEDDING," BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE AND JAN VAN GOYEN. HIS LIVELY GENRE PAINTINGS ARE EXTREMELY WELL REPRESENTED IN ENGLISH COLLECTIONS. (Oil on panel; 20 by 18½ ins.)

winter scenes—Solomon's is reproduced on the facing page and Jacob's on this page. Winter scenes by these two artists are rare and both these display the painters' gifts for atmosphere and colour. Further fine examples of the Dutch school include Rembrandt's famous portrait of his father, and sea pieces by Willem van de Velde and Jan van de Capelle. All these illustrate that "Dutch painting has been, for over 100 years, one of the favourite fields for English collectors." Another favourite field has been the Venice of Canaletto and Guardi, who are represented by eight paintings in this exhibition, some of which may well have been brought back to this country by young eighteenth-century gentlemen who visited Venice on their Grand Tour, and purchased these paintings as mementoes of this wonderful city.



"IN literature, in art, in learning, England is the daughter of France." Thus says Dr. Joan Evans, writing in 1925, in the preface to the first edition of "Life in Medieval France,"* which, with certain omissions and a wealth of illustration, is now republished by the Phaidon Press. And later, "France is the true heir of Rome in law, in clear thinking, in philosophy; in the urbanity of her civilisation, in the relation between social function and position, and in the fitting pageantry that lends splendour to practical things." This is a learned, coolly detached account of a misty past, enriched by enchanting quotations in Old French (mercifully translated for us) and made vivid by a singularly apt choice of photographs which range from architectural details of both cathedrals and secular houses to miniatures from illuminated manuscripts. Threads of purest gold are visible in a tapestry so largely composed of blood and tears, and even the dreadful hysteria of the Crusades gave place to a desire not to exterminate the heathen but to convert them; when that proved impracticable, policy—and indeed common sense—demanded what in the current phrase would be labelled peaceful co-existence. Each page enshrines a gem from letters or verses; I am tempted to quote *ad infinitum*, but must not. Here are a few extracts culled at random:

"If you wish to marry a wife, dear son, consider your own good; take none for her beauty, nor any that have book learning, for they are often deceitful."

Richard de Bury writes of Paris: "What a mighty stream of pleasure made glad our hearts whenever we had leisure to visit Paris, the



A MAN LOOKING OUT OF A SIMULATED WINDOW: A DELIGHTFUL LATE MEDIAEVAL FRENCH SCULPTURE ON THE FACADE OF THE HOUSE OF JACQUES COEUR, WHICH WAS BUILT AT BOURGES BETWEEN 1443 AND 1451.

paradise of the world! . . . There are delightful libraries, more aromatic than stores of spice; there abundant orchards of all manner of books . . . there, indeed, opening our treasures and unfastening our purse strings we scattered money

* "Life in Medieval France," by Joan Evans. With 100 illustrations, six of them in colour. (Phaidon Press; 32s. 6d.)

† "Paris in the Past." Text by Pierre Courthion. With 70 colour plates. In "The Taste of Our Time" Series. (Skira; distributed in Great Britain by A. Zwemmer, Ltd.; 50s.)

† "Paris in Our Time." Text by Pierre Courthion. With 72 colour plates. In "The Taste of Our Time" Series. (Skira; distributed in Great Britain by A. Zwemmer, Ltd.; 50s.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY TO TO-DAY IN FRANCE.

with joyful heart and bought books without price." A note tells us that by 1323 there were twenty-eight booksellers besides keepers of open-air bookstalls, and that the Rector of the University attended the Foire du Lendit officially to buy parchment for university use.

And here is an example of the folly of man and of the eternal good sense of woman. In the *Chanson de Guillaume* the hero comes back, beaten and despairing to his wife, and announces: "So I will flee into a strange land, to St. Michael by the peril of the sea, or to St. Peter the good apostle of God, or to some desert where I shall

volume. The first begins with Fouquet and ends with Daumier, the second starts with the Impressionists and includes some of the more incoherent painters of to-day; yet the portrait of the city which emerges is coherent enough, and I am hard put to it to decide whether I prefer the miniature of Notre-Dame by the fifteenth-century Jean Fouquet from "The Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier" or the view of Notre-Dame from the Quays painted in 1864 by the young Jongkind, who, we are reminded, "had found a guardian angel in the person of Mme. Fesser, a moustached matron, wife of a pastry-cook, who kept a stern check on his propensities for drinking and womanising."

Not everyone will recognise his Paris from the paintings of our contemporaries. Braque's Cubist evocation of the curves and diagonals of the Sacré Cœur touches a chord, but the same can scarcely be said for the late Fernand Léger's "Smoke over the Roofs." I'm not suggesting that topographical accuracy is required in painting any picture, whether a townscape or facescape, but if a book is concerned with a single city I prefer its illustrations to bear some resemblance to actuality. However, by no means everyone will agree, because an imaginative symbol can sometimes be no less illuminating. Léger's painting could be of London or Wigan; it's a charming thing, nevertheless, and it's nice to have the author of both books, Pierre Courthion, telling this story: "Léger was a happy man in the sense that he enjoyed the age that he lived in. I can still remember what he said to me one evening over a café table: 'Oh! boy, it's good to be alive! We moderns register a hundred times more impressions every day than any of your eighteenth-century artists.'" That may well be so, but, none the less, his smoke and roof picture surely remains too remote and



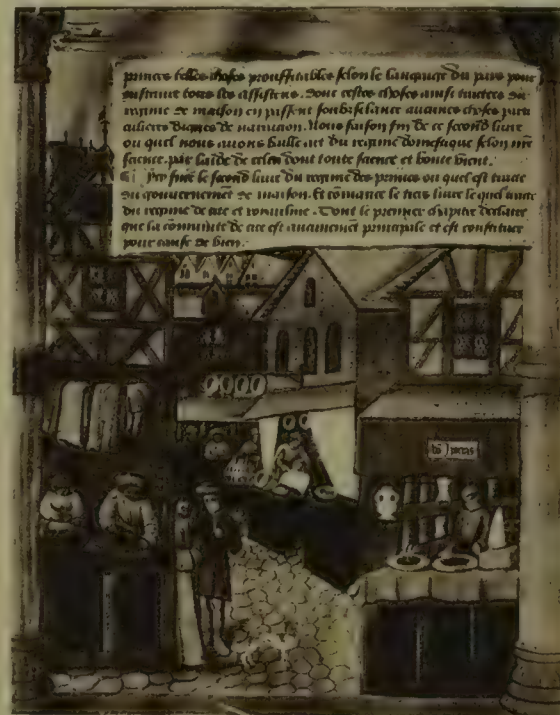
"MONT ST. MICHEL": A FRENCH MINIATURE OF THE MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: ONE OF "THE SINGULARLY APT CHOICE OF ILLUSTRATIONS" IN "LIFE IN MEDIEVAL FRANCE," BY JOAN EVANS, WHICH IS ONE OF THE THREE BOOKS ABOUT FRANCE REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

not be found; there will I become an ordained hermit, and thou shalt be a nun and shalt veil thy head."—"Sire," said she, "we shall do those things soon enough when we have finished our life in the world." A pearl beyond price to my mind, and she and her sisters are to be seen in the illustrations of tapestries and miniatures, at work and at play.

The original chapter on mediæval art in France has been omitted because the subject was treated more fully in a book published by the Oxford University Press in 1948, but the hundred illustrations, six of them in colour, do, in fact, provide a judicious survey of all the finest things of these centuries while at the same time they bring to life not only the thoughts, but the day-by-day workaday world. There is, for instance, a vivid little painting of the building of a house from a fifteenth-century miniature in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, the Harvesting and Sheep-shearing scene from the "Très Riches Heures" of the Duc de Berry at Chantilly, and two carvings of women carding and washing wool from the Cathedral of Chartres, thirteenth century. Less well known will be "The Maker of Sabots," a wood sculpture of the fifteenth century from the Berlin Museum, and the delightful—and curiously touching—fifteenth-century miniature from the Bibliothèque Nationale of a woman painting a statue of the Virgin. (From Boccaccio's "*Les femmes nobles et Renommées*.")

To illustrate the beds of the period, there is the early sixteenth-century miniature from the Bibliothèque Nationale (from the French translation of the "Heroides" of Ovid)—"The Wedding Night of the Fifty Danaids," half a dozen of them, very demure, each seated on her bed. Look closer and you see that five of them brandish a wicked-looking knife and that their partners are lying back on the pillow bleeding; the sixth has no knife and her young man is very much alive. The story tells how all the fifty except one killed their husbands and were condemned in Tartarus to fill with water a bottomless cask to all eternity.

Two little books devoted to Paris,† from the collection entitled "The Taste of Our Time," planned and directed by Albert Skira, with the illustrations, as in all Skira publications, in colour, provide an agreeable and not too serious a series of footnotes to this learned and exhilarating



ILLUSTRATING THE SHOPS IN LATE MEDIAEVAL FRANCE: "A SHOPPING STREET"—A MINIATURE OF c. 1510. ON THE LEFT IS A TAILOR, IN THE CENTRE A BARBER AND ON THE RIGHT A GROCER. ALL THE SHOPS ARE OPEN TO THE STREET.

These illustrations are reproduced from "Life in Medieval France," by courtesy of the publishers, the Phaidon Press.

cerebral to evoke a memory of one particular city.

Ancient Paris is seen with extraordinary clarity in two illustrations from the "Très Riches Heures"—in the calendar for June, the Sainte Chapelle and the tip of the Ile de la Cité; in the calendar for October, the Louvre as it must have appeared at the time; and then, a little later in the fifteenth century, the detail from the large altar-piece known as the "Retable du Parlement de Paris," which shows the Seine and the Cité (The Louvre and the Hotel de Bourbon), with loungers leaning over the parapet just as they do to-day.

In their several ways, all three books are fascinating to read and a delight to handle.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE RECAPTURE OF A. G. HINDS :
MISS MARY REED.

Alfred George Hinds, who escaped from custody on June 24, was recognised six hours later by Miss Mary Reed, a British European Airways receptionist, as he tried to escape to Ireland by air from Bristol Airport. She reported him, and this led to his speedy recapture by the police.



THE CAMBRIDGE CRICKET CAP-
TAIN: GAMINI GOONESENA.

The captain of the Cambridge Cricket XI which meets Oxford at Lord's on July 5-6 is Gamini Goonesena. Mr. Goonesena is at Queens' College, Cambridge, and was at the Royal College, Colombo. In the Cambridge XI is E. R. Dexter, whose batting this season has been most successful.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF WALES :
THE LATE DR. J. MORGAN.

The Most Rev. Dr. John Morgan, D.D., Archbishop of Wales and Bishop of Llandaff, died on June 26. He became Archbishop in 1949, and was the fourth prelate to hold the office. He was an accomplished organist and a noted preacher, and was Select Preacher at Oxford in 1951 and 1952.



CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD XI :
A. CHRISTOPHER WALTON.

Mr. A. Christopher Walton is to captain the Oxford Cricket XI which will be meeting Cambridge at Lord's. He is at Lincoln College and was formerly at Radley. The match last year was drawn. Oxford have won 42 times, Cambridge 48 times, and there have been 22 draws.



A NOTED DESCENDANT OF NEL-
SON DIES: EARL NELSON.

Earl Nelson, the sixth Earl, died on June 23. He was the first head of the family not to receive the £5000 per year State pension. Earl Nelson was a noted astronomer and anthropologist, served in the First World War and had carried out mining prospecting in the Far East.



THE QUEEN WITH THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS, HERE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, here for the annual Conference, were entertained to dinner by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Windsor Castle on June 26, when this photograph was taken. From left to right are: Mr. John Diefenbaker (Canada), Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. R. G. Menzies (Australia), Mr. E. H. Louw

(South African Minister for External Affairs), H. M. the Queen, Mr. Suhrawardy (Pakistan), Mr. Nehru (India), Sir Roy Welensky (Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Dr. Nkrumah (Ghana), Mr. T. L. Macdonald (New Zealand Minister for External Affairs), and Mr. de Silva (Leader of the Senate and Minister of Justice, Ceylon).



A BEAUTIFUL TELEVISION \$64,000 QUESTION WINNER: MISS
BARBARA HALL, A NEW YORK SHOW GIRL.

Miss Barbara Hall, who has a part in New York's "Ziegfeld Follies," won \$64,000 in the C.B.S. television quiz programme on June 25. Miss Hall, seen here with the board she used to record her answers, answered questions on Shakespeare.



THE NEW CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER :
MR. GEORGE DREW.

Mr. George Drew is to be the new Canadian High Commissioner in London, it was announced by Mr. John Diefenbaker, the recently-elected Prime Minister of Canada, on June 25. Mr. Drew, who was recently ill, was a former leader of the Progressive Conservatives, who are now led by Mr. Diefenbaker. He succeeds Mr. Norman Robertson.



THE WINNER OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPION-
SHIP: MISS PHILOMENA GARVEY.

The British Women's Golf Championship was won by Miss Philomena Garvey, who defeated Mrs. G. Valentine by 4 and 3 in the final on the Gleneagles Hotel King's Course on June 27. Miss Garvey is from the County Louth Club.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS AT HOME AND IN FRANCE: A WOMAN AVIATOR HONOURED, AND OTHER ITEMS.



(Left.)
A TRIBUTE TO
THOSE WHO DIED
ON THE DUNKIRK
BEACHES: THE
QUEEN MOTHER
RELEASING A
WREATH INTO THE
SEA FROM H.M.S.

CHIEFTAIN.

After having unveiled the Dunkirk Memorial to some 4700 soldiers of the B.E.F. who have no known grave, the Queen Mother re-embarked on H.M.S. *Chieftain*, which then sailed past the beaches as her Majesty released the wreath.



(Right.)

BEING DECORATED
AN OFFICER OF
THE LEGION OF
HONOUR: THE
NOTED WOMAN
PILOT, MME. JAC-
QUELINE AURIOL,
DAUGHTER-IN-
LAW OF THE
FORMER FRENCH
PRESIDENT.



A NEW UP-TO-DATE OCEAN PASSENGER TERMINAL AT TILBURY DOCKS: VISCOUNT WAVERLEY INTRODUCING THE TERMINAL TO SHIPOWNERS AND JOURNALISTS. On June 24 a party of shipowners and journalists was shown the new passenger terminal which has been built at Tilbury Docks at a cost of £1,590,000. Lord Waverley, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, addressed the gathering in the reception hall.



IN THE COURTYARD OF BURLINGTON HOUSE: A SKYLARK ROCKET EXHIBITED AS PART OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S PRIVATE EXHIBITION. The Royal Society, which has its headquarters in Burlington House, Piccadilly, arranged a private exhibition to mark the opening of the International Geophysical Year on July 1. A *Skylark* High Altitude Research Rocket was displayed in the courtyard.



AT THE OPENING CEREMONY ON JUNE 27 OF THE NEW CLUB BUILDING OF THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT NO. 9 AT STRATFORD: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO IS PRESIDENT OF THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS, UNVEILING A PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE OCCASION.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE R.A.F. STATION AT WYTON, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, ON JUNE 28: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER INSPECTING A SCALE AERIAL MODEL OF HER HOME, BARNWELL MANOR, WHICH WAS MADE FROM AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM AIRCRAFT STATIONED AT WYTON.

GUILDFORD'S FIRST MONARCH'S VISIT SINCE 1660: THE QUEEN AT THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY.



VISITING THE STILL INCOMPLETE CATHEDRAL AT GUILDFORD: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH (RIGHT) THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD, THE RT. REV. IVOR WATKINS. (Photograph by Theodore Cockerell).



DRIVING THROUGH THE GAILY-DECORATED HIGH STREET OF GUILDFORD TO THE GUILDHALL, DURING THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE 700TH CHARTER ANNIVERSARY.



AT GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE SIGNING BRICKS, WHICH WILL BE INCORPORATED IN THE STRUCTURE. IN THE CENTRE IS THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.



THE QUEEN TALKS WITH MR. P. B. H. MAY, ENGLAND'S TEST CAPTAIN AND THE CAPTAIN OF SURREY.

GUILDFORD is this year celebrating the 700th anniversary of its first known charter, that granted by King Henry III, and on June 27 the celebrations reached a climax with a visit to the borough by H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Among the sights she was to have seen was the Surrey v. Hampshire cricket match, but Surrey won this two hours before she arrived; and when she met Peter May, the Surrey captain, she said: "This is the second time you have done this to me," referring to the Second Test Match, which also finished before her scheduled arrival. This was the first visit of a reigning monarch to Guildford since Charles II's visit in 1660; and it was marked by Guildford's usual gift to the monarch, the present of a plum-cake. This cake was baked by apprentices of Guildford bakers, and was presented on a wooden platter bearing the borough's coat-of-arms. Such a cake was given to Queen Elizabeth I in 1563, and this incident has been incorporated in the Guildford Pageant, of which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw part during the afternoon. The Royal visitors also drove to the Cathedral to see the progress made in the building, and each signed bricks which will be incorporated in the fabric.



GUILDFORD'S TRADITIONAL PRESENT TO VISITING ROYALTY: THE EARL OF ONSLOW, HIGH STEWARD OF GUILDFORD, PRESENTING A PLUM-CAKE TO HER MAJESTY.

FROM ATOMIC DEVICES TO A NEW MUSEUM, AND TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS: A MISCELLANY.



(Left.)
A PLEASING ADDITION TO BIRMINGHAM'S MUSEUMS: BLAKESLEY HALL, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY RESTORED.

Blakesley Hall has recently been restored, having been bombed during the war. It was to be opened on July 4 as a branch of a Birmingham museum.

(Right.)
DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL OF MUSIC, TWICKENHAM: THE QUEEN INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR.

On June 28 her Majesty visited the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham, where she unveiled a plaque commemorating the School's centenary.



ARRIVING HOME AFTER THEIR ACQUITTAL IN THE CAIRO SPY TRIAL: MR. J. T. STANLEY, RIGHT, AND MR. C. PITTUCK. Mr. J. T. Stanley and Mr. C. Pittuck, who were acquitted in the Cairo espionage trial, arrived at London Airport on July 1. They were met by their wives. They said they had not been too badly treated while in prison, but had understood little of their trial, as they do not speak much Arabic. They had received much assistance from the Swiss Embassy.



SEEN FROM LAS VEGAS, NEVADA: THE MUSHROOM CLOUD—65 MILES AWAY—OF THE FIFTH OF THE PRESENT SERIES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR TESTS, EXPLODED ON JUNE 24. THE DEVICE WAS EXPLODED HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND.



AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST: THE NEW COLOURS BEING PARADED AFTER THEY HAD BEEN PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN.

On June 27 her Majesty the Queen presented new Colours to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. 800 officer cadets took part in the traditional ceremonial parade, which was performed in bright, sunny weather, and there were many spectators. The Duke of Edinburgh accompanied the Queen.



THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST: THE CEREMONY ON THE PARADE GROUND.



HER MAJESTY AT MILL HILL SCHOOL ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: (1) THE QUEEN PLANTING A CEDAR ON THE TERRACE. THE SCHOOL GROUNDS CONTAIN SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S FINEST CEDARS OF LEBANON. (2) TALKING WITH THE MONITORS OUTSIDE THE SCIENCE SCHOOL. (3) GENERAL SALUTE FOR THE QUEEN: THE CADET FORCE GUARD OF HONOUR PRESENT ARMS IN FRONT OF THE PORTICO. (4) HER MAJESTY WITH THE SENIOR MONITOR. (5) THE CAPTAIN OF ATHLETICS BOWS TO THE QUEEN, ON THE FISHING NET (WHICH IS THE NAME OF THE ATHLETICS FIELD).

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MILL HILL SCHOOL: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION.

On the afternoon of July 1 her Majesty the Queen visited Mill Hill School on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the School's foundation. She was received by Sir Frederick Handley Page, H.M. Lieutenant of Middlesex, and during her tour of the School saw many of its outstanding features.

A series of drawings of Mill Hill were published in our issue of November 3 last year. The Queen saw many of the activities of the boys in the course of a brilliant afternoon; and after tea with the Headmaster, Mr. Roy Moore, asked for four extra days to be added to the summer holidays.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NIGHT BY NIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE is a time when, instead of seeking to impose a pattern on the events of a given period, it seems better to let the facts speak. Very well then. A few hours after writing my last article I found myself at Oxford, in Magdalen Grove. It was a serene, luminous, high-summer night. Shadows lengthened across the resilient turf. I can hardly go further without thinking of an essay* by Max Beerbohm who, on these occasions, must prod any writer:

Trees were there of many kinds—cypresses, alders, willows, beeches, poplars. I do not, in point of fact, know one tree from another by name. But for the sake of style and colour, whether in thinking or in writing of them, I always hazard a guess at their names. Poplars, beeches, willows, elders, elms (I wanted a monosyllable, but could not think of one just then), cypresses—there they all were in their wistful and immemorial beauty, and over them was the dim bloom of a summer twilight, and all of them, without exception, were shuddering in the wind. I shuddered in sympathy. I went, involuntarily, further than they: I sneezed.

Delightful; but I am not going to allow Max (in the London Botanical Gardens during 1903) to daunt me. Mine was a warm evening of pin-still calm. Presently, as we watched, gates opened in the long grey boundary wall, and the Middle Ages entered to us in Magdalen Grove. It was "Henry the Fifth," acted by the O.U.D.S., and though I have written of the play too often during the last year or so to speak of it again at length, I can say at least that I have not met a nobler setting.

There was a moment when, in the darkness over the field of Agincourt, braziers—charged with fragrant-burning wood—were disposed about the English camp, and the army, at uneasy rest, awaited the day. "Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

That memory stays. So does much else, now splendid, as in Exeter's challenge to the French court; now unfortunate, as in "once more unto the breach" where the English army was at sixes and sevens; now contentious, as in the treatment of the Boy's death; now romantic, as in the torchlit progress at the close. But, when other things are lost, even the lucid, forthright acting (Patrick Garland as Henry), I shall carry that picture of Magdalen Grove at twilight, holding the vasty fields of France, with the silver-trumpet verse ringing across the meadow. Peter Dews was the director. I wish that, another year, he would do "Henry the Sixth, Part Two" in the same setting: I think even the urbane shade of Max might be happy.

Forward to midsummer at the Palladium, and to another Max: Mr. Bygraves. The production, a revue, was called "We're Having a Ball," and it seemed for a minute, at curtain-rise, that all the youth of England were on fire. Nothing could be more determinedly gay. But there must be points of rest, and here there was none. The revue blared at us, good-humoured blaring but merciless. We had a continuous racket, a perpetual whirl and flurry. I remembered Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound."

True, at moments we could contemplate. It is usually pleasant to see someone pile one bottle upon another,

and at last balance upon them, head downwards, spinning a few quoits meantime. It is agreeable in its way when someone (now a member of a brotherhood called the Goofers) feels impelled to play the double-bass while swinging by his toes from a trapeze. It is charming to listen to Max Bygraves: one of his incidental stories was very funny, though the mere spoken word was so rare that I should probably have cheered a reading from the works of Tupper.

Mr. Bygraves is a comedian of the most amiable readiness. He looks pleased to be spending half an hour with a few friends. He has no need to coax, or to bully, a house into singing with him. He merely suggests it—and the song comes. So sociable was he at the Palladium, so anxious to make the party go, that I wanted to hear him in a sketch (his discourse on music was not really enough). I am sure "We're Having a Ball" could be improved if its summer madness were allowed to pause for a minute so that a few speaking voices might get a word in edgeways.

My next call, on Goldoni's "Mine Hostess," at the excellent Alexandra Theatre, in Birmingham, would also have been happier if the dramatist and his cast had not toiled quite so hard. Goldoni is the soul of good temper, what a forgotten poet once called a "cup of brimming June," but such a gaily artificial comedy as "Mine Hostess" does not need to be smacked at us. It ought to dictate its own style. Grace and style were what the revival needed, though it could hardly have had a more fitting frame than Norman Smith's set of the Florentine inn: this held the spirit of the comedy to its last brush-stroke.

I have left to the last, and in the proper sequence of events, the Royal Court Theatre's play, "The Making of Moo." Before seeing it I had imagined that it would have offered a theme for the week; but it leaves me with no desire to write about it. Nigel Dennis is satirising religious belief.

Here, in darkest Africa, a civil engineer decides to replace a tribe's lost god—the damming of a river has finished him—by another, a carefully-considered deity conceived in the spirit of the Highway Code.

The first act, during which the new cult is planned, has some useful flicks of wit. Then we find that the creators of Moo have begun themselves to believe in him, that a game has turned to dangerous fanaticism. We are obliged to witness the ritual murder, the blood-sacrifice, of a pair of lawyers who have come from England on a professional mission. It is now that I must quote from "Henry the Fifth" about "the cripple tardy-gaited night, who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp so tediously away." This second act, supposed (I dare say) to be comic-sinister, is merely unpleasant, and the third act, "many, many years later," trails off into nothing.

The English Stage Company, which presents the affair, must be careful of its reputation, a reputation that has been exaggerated, built into a cult like the worship of the god Moo. The Company would be wise to watch its offerings. The acting in this unfortunate piece is suitable. George Devine and the diamond-sharp Joan Plowright are amusing in the first act, and it is not their fault that the play gets out of hand later (though I doubt whether the character acted by Miss Plowright would have aged in quite that manner).

"The Making of Moo" becomes what seems to be a crude bit of nihilism. It is called "a history of religion." Some of it might have brought a smile from Winwood Reade. For my part, during the second act (and regretting the decline from a hopeful start), I remembered the Chorus lines from "Henry the Fifth": "If we may, We'll not offend one stomach with our play." I wish the English Stage Company had remembered them.



"NOTHING COULD BE MORE DETERMINEDLY GAY... THE REVUE BLARED AT US, GOOD-HUMOURED BLARING BUT MERCILESS": "WE'RE HAVING A BALL" (LONDON PALLADIUM), SHOWING AMERICA'S MADCAP MUSICIANS "THE GOOFERS," WHO ARE MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN BRITAIN IN THIS SHOW.



"I HAD IMAGINED IT WOULD HAVE OFFERED A THEME FOR THE WEEK; BUT IT LEAVES ME WITH NO DESIRE TO WRITE ABOUT IT": "THE MAKING OF MOO" (ROYAL COURT THEATRE), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FAIRBROTHER (JOHN MOFFATT) FINDS HIMSELF AS THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

This scene from The English Stage Company's production of "The Making of Moo," by Nigel Dennis, shows the moment at which Fairbrother, the lawyer (John Moffatt), finds himself as the human sacrifice. The other characters shown are (l. to r.): Composer of Moo music (John Osborne), The Pope of Moo (Martin Miller), the Sergeant (Nicholas Brady) and the High Priestess (Joan Plowright).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TITUS ANDRONICUS" (Stoll).—Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) in Peter Brook's Stratford-upon-Avon production of Shakespeare's play which has been touring the Continent. (July 1.)

"CYMBELINE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Dame Peggy Ashcroft as Imogen in a revival directed by Peter Hall. (July 2.)

"LA FETE ETRANGE" (Sadler's Wells).—The Royal Ballet (formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) in a revival of the work with choreography by Andrée Howard to Gabriel Fauré's music. (July 2.)

* "A Pastoral Play" in "Around Theatres" (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1953), p. 266.

A SUPREME
PLAYER OF
MANY PARTS:
SIR LAURENCE
OLIVIER,
WHO HAS BEEN
HONOURED
BY OXFORD
UNIVERSITY.



(Right.)
WALKING TO THE SHEL-
DONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD,
TO RECEIVE HONORARY DE-
GREES: SIR LAURENCE
OLIVIER (CENTRE) WITH (L.
TO R.) SIR C. HINTON, SIR R.
MAKINS, LORD WAVERLEY
AND LORD HEYWORTH.



IN A PRODUCTION OF "TITUS ANDRONICUS"
WHICH HAS HAD A TRIUMPHANT RECEPTION
IN EUROPE AND OPENED IN LONDON
RECENTLY: SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS TITUS.



A SCENE FROM "TITUS ANDRONICUS": TITUS, LEFT, WITH LAVINIA (VIVIEN
LEIGH) AND MARCUS (ALAN WEBB).



MUTILATED AND DISHONOURED, LAVINIA IS COMFORTED BY TITUS:
A MOVING SCENE FROM "TITUS ANDRONICUS."



IN "THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL"—WHICH CONTRASTS STRIKINGLY WITH SHAKES-
PEARE'S PLAY: THE REGENT (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER) FALLS UNDER THE SPELL OF
ELSIE (MARILYN MONROE).



THE REGENT AND ELSIE HAPPILY PARTNER EACH OTHER AT THE STATE
BALL. THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND HAD
ITS LONDON PREMIERE ON JUNE 25.

Sir Laurence Olivier's great talents as an actor once again received public recognition when, on June 26, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on him by Oxford University. Further evidence of his powers on the stage has been provided by the triumphant success of "Titus Andronicus," in which he plays the title rôle, during its recent European tour. In direct contrast with Shakespeare's grim play is the recently completed film "The Prince and the Showgirl," in which Sir Laurence Olivier takes the leading part. In Mr. Peter Brook's production of "Titus Andronicus," Sir Laurence

Olivier plays Titus and Vivien Leigh, his wife, takes the part of Lavinia. The production, which was the great event of the 1955 Stratford season, has recently completed a triumphant tour of Paris, Venice, Belgrade, Zagreb, Vienna and Warsaw, and opened for a five-week season at The Stoll Theatre on July 1. "The Prince and the Showgirl," which is directed by Sir Laurence Olivier and in which he is interestingly cast to play opposite Marilyn Monroe, of Hollywood fame, had its première in London on June 25. The film is based on Terence Rattigan's play "The Sleeping Prince."

SALEROOM, LEGAL AND MEDICAL NEWS AT HOME.



SOLD FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £5000 IN AN IMPORTANT SALE AT SOTHEBY'S ON JUNE 26: "A VIEW OF THE CAMPO SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO," A DRAWING BY FRANCESCO GUARDI.



THE ELUSIVE PRISONER: ALFRED GEORGE HINDS, WHO WAS QUICKLY RECAPTURED AFTER A DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM THE LAW COURTS IN LONDON ON JUNE 24.

Alfred George Hinds, who is serving a twelve-year sentence for his part in a London robbery in 1953, made his second bid for freedom when he evaded his warders at the Law Courts, where he was to attend a hearing. Five-and-a-half hours later Hinds was recaptured at Bristol Airport. Last July Hinds was recaptured in Dublin after escaping from Nottingham Prison in November 1955.



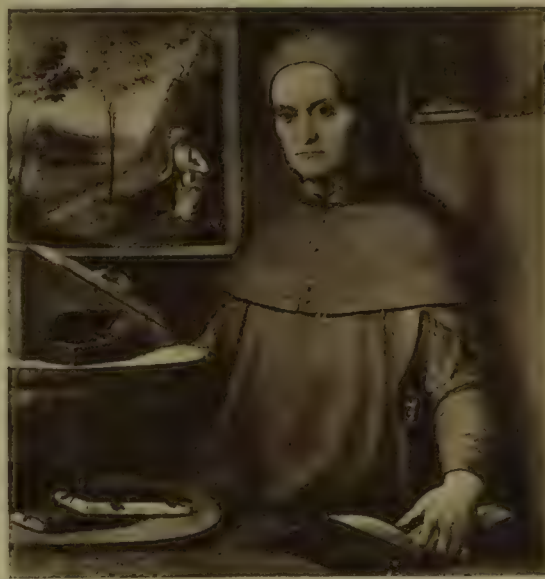
MARRIED IN NEW YORK ON JUNE 22: MR. REX HARRISON, BRITISH STAR OF THE BROADWAY MUSICAL "MY FAIR LADY," AND MISS KAY KENDALL, THE FILM ACTRESS. Early in the morning of June 22 Mr. Rex Harrison was married to Miss Kay Kendall, the British film actress. This is Mr. Harrison's third marriage and Miss Kendall's first. Rex Harrison is one of the five British stars currently appearing in "My Fair Lady," photographs of which appeared in our issue of June 29.



CONTRIBUTING £14,000 TO THE TOTAL OF £182,530 IN THE SALE ON JUNE 26: "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," AN IMPORTANT WORK PAINTED BY RUBENS IN 1606-7.

Many high prices were recorded in the sale of 162 Old Master paintings and drawings at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, on June 26. In addition to the three outstanding works reproduced here, there were many other good prices, including £9800 paid for a large Veronese and £7800 for two Fra Angelico panels, which had been bought for £2 in 1944.

A MARRIAGE, AND A BEAUTY QUEEN ABROAD.



AN UNEXPECTED WORLD RECORD PRICE: "PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL," BY LORENZO COSTA (1460-1535), FOR WHICH MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN'S PAID £28,000.



ANNOUNCING THE FINDINGS OF THE MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL ON THE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN TOBACCO SMOKING AND CANCER OF THE LUNG: MR. VAUGHAN-MORGAN (CENTRE) AT A LONDON PRESS CONFERENCE ON JUNE 27.

In the House of Commons on June 27 Mr. Vaughan-Morgan, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, announced that the Government have accepted the Medical Research Council's finding that a major part of the great increase in deaths from lung cancer has been due to tobacco smoking, especially heavy cigarette smoking. There is to be a nation-wide campaign to point out these dangers.



ARRIVING AT LINCOLN'S INN ON JUNE 27: MR. PATRICK MARRINAN (CENTRE), THE BARRISTER WHO IS INVOLVED IN THE "TELEPHONE TAPPING CASE." Information gained by the tapping of telephone conversations at the order of a former Home Secretary was passed on to the Bar Council and has been used as evidence when Mr. Marrinan appeared before the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn on five counts concerning his professional conduct. The whole question of intercepting telephone calls is to be examined by a committee of Privy Councillors.



ELECTED "MISS EUROPE 1958" IN A CONTEST AT BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY: NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD MISS CORINE ROTTSCHAEFER, WHO HAD ENTERED THE CONTEST AS "MISS HOLLAND." "MISS FINLAND" WAS PLACED SECOND AND "MISS GERMANY" THIRD.

TAKING TEA WITH THE WORLD

Tibetans enjoy a brick-and-butter tea!

ILLUSTRATED BY F. LAURENT

Tea is the main beverage in Tibet, particularly among the Buddhist monks who, on an average, drink about fifty cups each a day. They even refer to distances as so many bowls of tea!

But the tea! Not fresh—not pouring into the cup clear and sparkling as you enjoy it. It comes in bricks, mostly from China, and is chipped off as required into a pot of cold water to be boiled for an hour till black. The liquid is strained off into an upright cylinder, and salt, soda, and a large piece of rancid yak butter added. This mixture is then churned vigorously and served—usually with tsamba (parched ground barley) moulded into balls to be eaten after dipping in the bitter tea.



More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and *fresh*. Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk *every day* throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

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One card in each packet of 'Choicest', 'Edglets' and P.G. Tips



Brooke Bond



good tea-and FRESH!



Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



FORM A376544402/2 (i) g

CHEESE HALL
(Ancient Monument 66921)

Now housing H.M.Min. of Coke
(See Govt. Redistribn: Rehabiln:
Decentraln: ORDER 1946).

OPEN to authorised members of public on comple-
tion of form A.376544402/2(i)g without delay.

FOLD HERE

(a) FULL NAME.....
(if Mr. or Mrs., say Yes or No)
ADDRESS.....
(if address differs from
address, see para 8d)
MARRIED OR SINGLE.....
(if neither write **NEITHER**)

(b) DATE of last visit to Dieppe....
(if all great-grandparents
British, say nothing)
(c) WEIGHT in POUNDS at time of
last measuring HEIGHT.....
(d) I CAN/CANNOT read the letters O.H.M.S.
with field-glasses at 10 feet.
(e) I AM a child of 8 who has been
inoculated for mumps.....
(If a PEER, do NOT answer
this section)

(f) STATE in own words reasons for
wishing to apply for tours A, B, C, G,
I, H or K. See notes iii and iv
(if **NONE** write **NO THANKS**).

NOTE iii: Tours A, B, C, G, and K
are in abeyance.

NOTE iv: Tour H entitles visitors to
speak to H.M. Guide on the
ODD days of the week and
combines a view of the chair
used by the Permanent Secretary
(Min. of Fish) with a Distant
Prospect of Schwepton College.

I have read this form

..... usual signature.
..... unusual signature



SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE word "epic" may be thought something of a knell; and one may feel this applies particularly to Swedish epics. It is also possible to recoil from trilogies. "Unto A Good Land," by Vilhelm Moberg (Reinhardt; 18s.), is, if the term has any meaning, an epic novel, and moreover the second of three volumes. It should be read just the same; and no one who read "The Emigrants" will be inclined to miss it.

The subject is a mass movement—Swedish emigration to America a hundred years ago: though we are chiefly concerned with a group of exiles from Ljuder parish in Småland, and especially with the young crofter Karl Oskar Nilsson and his wife and children. These simple folk have been screwed up to the adventure in different ways: by class tyranny, social obloquy, religious persecution, even wife trouble. But the great, general motive is Karl Oskar's—poverty in a stony land. Karl Oskar is the ideal settler, intelligent and tenacious, hardy and self-reliant: while his wife Kristina has deep roots in her native soil, and suffers the most from being torn up. But she consented, after their little girl died of hardship in a bad year.

When we last saw these people, they and their fellow-exiles, seventy in all, were about to land in New York from the emigrant ship *Charlotta*. They have one thing in common: a sublime, an almost unbelievable ignorance of what to expect. For it is only 1850. Many of the exiles can't read or write. None of them knows a word of the language. Some had only heard of America within the last year or two; Arvid, the young farm hand, had not known there was anywhere but Sweden. It is this ignorance, so imaginatively conceived, which gives the whole book its epic strain. Karl Oskar, though more intelligent than others, and the leader of his party, is very little better informed. But he has read that the best soil is in Minnesota. And he is determined to have the best, though it means a journey of 1500 miles, with ever-melting resources, through an unknown continent.

This volume takes them to the end of the trail, and through the first winter by Lake Ki-Chi-Saga. There is no decline in imagination; and there are superb moments—as when Arvid and his friend Robert Nilsson, Karl Oskar's dreamy, credulous, rather Peer-Gyntish younger brother, go for a stroll down Broadway. . . . But here, inevitably, the surge of mass experience in Part One shrinks by degrees into the triter struggle of a lone family. Still one would look forward, if only because the two young Simple Simons have gone gold-digging.

OTHER FICTION.

"Burning Glass," by Bernard Ash (Staples; 15s.), though in a much homelier and smaller way, has points of likeness. Again the date—or rather in this instance the key-date—is 1850. That was when Brassy Bet and her little boy "squatted" in Hyde Park, and saw the Crystal Palace abuilding. For Brassy Bet and her milieu—her cellar-cradle in Seven Dials, her love-nest in the fields of Tyburnia with the cabby Joe, and the queer Georgian warehouse of her partnership with Golden Bert—for this whole world, the great Victorian Exhibition was notice to quit. At the age of seven, she had begun hawking crosses in the streets, and learning to hold her own. And in spite of everything she did hold it, for herself and the boy, up to the climax of both their lives: the night when two men fought for her in the firelight. After that night, John was adopted by the palace, and Bet had nothing to do but disappear.

A warm-hearted, dramatic story, with vivid glimpses of a Hogarthian London just on the way out. "Caleb, My Son," by Lucy Daniels (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), once more presents a Southern township and a colour tragedy. But of a new kind. The writer is very young; the story is rather brief and simple, and pathetic and startling.

Whites have little to do in it, and the hero is what militants describe as an Uncle Tom: a chauffeur looking up to his masters, and content to "know his place." But his elder son Caleb has become an agitator. Secretly, a very nervous one, scared of his followers and hoping their desegregation campaign will never start. Caleb is no danger to the whites; he is a disgrace and threat to his own people. And if he won't stop, Asa, as head of the family, must take action. . . . And here we are suddenly in another world. Very lowering and strange.

"What Rough Beast," by John Trench (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), transports us to a cathedral town, horribly overrun by subtopia and its moral equivalent, Teddy gangs. Eighteen months ago, there was an odious persecution of Canon Adamson, embracing a variety of slanders, and specific charges of theft and dog-beating. At the time he was saved by Martin Cotterell, the Dean's nephew. And now he is taking sanctuary in the cathedral for his second marriage, while Martin pins down the sneering, malevolent Superintendent Foss, who has come to arrest him for the murder of his first wife. By this Ancient Mariner device we get the whole story. Brilliant Graham Greeneish effect, very well written, and the nastiness really horrid. With all the usual thriller-business as well.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS rather comic little game was played recently in Norway:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

OVERBYHAGEN	MARVIN
White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4
2. P-Q4	

An enterprising line. . . .

2. . . .

P×P

3. Kt-KB3

. . . but I feel that 3. P-QB3 is a more consistent follow-up.

3. . . .

P-Q3

3. . . . P-K4 here is all very clever: 4. Kt×KP? Q-R4ch followed by 5. . . . Q×Kt. My experience, having tried 3. . . . P-K4 a few times is, that it is basically unsound. White can now sacrifice by 4. P-QB3 very profitably indeed; Black's . . . P-K4 only accentuates his weakness on the queen's file after 4. . . . P×P which is virtually forced.

4. Kt×P

Kt-KB3

I imagine Black wasted quite a lot of time, move after move, from now on, convincing himself that he was not really attacking White's king's pawn at all.

5. B-QKt5ch

B-Q2

6. Castles

B×B

7. Kt×B

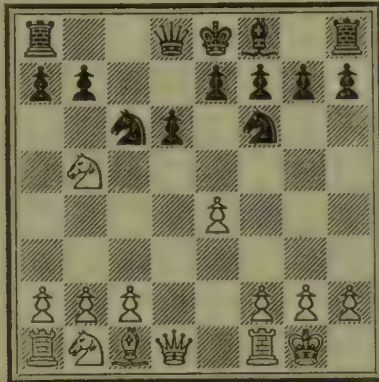
Kt-B3

For instance, here, 7. . . . Kt×P would be worse than useless; because of the reply 8. R-K1.

If now 8. . . . P-Q4, then 9. Q×P! Q×Q; 10. Kt-B7ch and 11. Kt×Q; Black has had to move his king so cannot castle, White has advanced his development and has revived his attack on the knight.

If 8. . . . P-B4, then 9. Q-Q5 again recovers the pawn (at least) and advances White's development.

Finally, on 8. . . . Kt-KB3, White has 9. Kt×QPch.



8. B-Kt5

Again Black undoubtedly had a good look at 8. . . . Kt×P but finds that, even though he is now offered a bishop after 9. R-K1, Kt×B, he would still be in a horrid mess after 10. Kt×QPch.

He looks and looks at that tempting pawn. No good! It can't be taken. Suddenly he realises he has used up far too much of his time. Nearly forty-five minutes gone on only seven moves—and he is only allowed an hour for his first twenty. So he quickly plays

8. . . .

Kt-Q2

and after the reply

9. Kt×QPch

he takes most of his remaining fifteen minutes deciding there is nothing left but to

Resign

haunted the imagination of the primitive people of Britain and their Celtic and Anglo-Saxon successors.

Nothing could be further from the prehistoric than "New Houses for Moderate Means," by H. Dalton Clifford (Country Life; 21s.). From the caves of Altamira to the attractive modern houses here illustrated is indeed a long step. Mr. Dalton Clifford, who is an architect and a writer on architectural matters, provides sixty-six examples of houses built in recent years. He explains, in language simple enough for me to understand, the whole process of building and designing a modern house, including, if necessary, how to go about raising the money for it! Quite apart from containing so much useful advice for those who are thinking of having houses built for them to their own specifications, the illustrations are themselves both attractive and interesting.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEW LIGHT ON STANLEY; PREHISTORIC GODS AND MODERN HOUSES.

IT is astonishing to think in what a short space of time "darkest Africa" has been opened up. It was in 1871 that H. M. Stanley found Livingstone and made the famous remark which was to haunt him for the rest of his life and exacerbate his already outsize inferiority complex. But the Congo, now the richest and best-governed colonial territory in Africa, was then still unpenetrated. Stanley's meeting with Livingstone, great feat though it was, was as nothing to the task which he now had assigned to him. This was to construct three stations, launch a steamer on the Upper Congo and maintain communications with the sea. Unfortunately, he opened up this wonderful territory not for the British but for that astute monarch, King Leopold II of the Belgians. The British took no interest in the Congo, and the achievements of such explorers as Lieutenant Cameron, who urged that we should take over the Congo Basin, were disregarded. Stanley's feat in making the Congo Basin accessible, his achievements at Stanley Pool, his race with the Frenchman de Brazza, were not less astonishing than the administration with which he had to cope. Stanley had two masters, Leopold II and his henchman Colonel Strauch. A little while ago, M. Albert Maurice came across in London a mass of letters written by Stanley to the king, Colonel Strauch and to his Belgian subordinates. They now appear as "H. M. Stanley: Unpublished Letters" (Chambers; 21s.). M. Maurice has made a find indeed. Not merely is the story which unfolds a remarkable account of pioneer exploration but Stanley's character in all its greatness and with all its faults stands revealed. Poor Stanley! When the book begins, he is virtually on his deathbed. Somehow, incredibly, he survived. Thenceforward the battle to achieve his great objectives was well and truly joined. To the normal hazards of pioneer exploration in rain forest country, dangers from hostile tribes and even more hostile insects were added the inefficiency and insubordination of his Belgian assistants. And throughout he had to satisfy a foreign monarch who was haunted by the possibility that de Brazza on behalf of France would get there first. This book, excellently translated, is a worthy monument to a great explorer, a great man and a great enterprise.

A valuable book for those with an interest in pre-history and archaeology is "Prehistoric Religion," by E. O. James (Thames and Hudson; 30s.). This considerable contribution to our knowledge of prehistoric man brings together in one volume a description of the various cults which made up the religion of our remote ancestors. In the first instance it deals with ritual techniques employed in the disposal of the dead and ranges from the Palaeolithic period in Europe to the great early cultures in the Near and Middle East. The cults which seem to have been common to virtually all ancient religions are here examined in detail, and the process is carried to the great cave paintings in the Dordogne, the Pyrenees and Spain. The later concept of the Sky-God and its relationship to the early deity of the Earth-Mother is also established and closely examined. A most valuable book, for the archaeologist and for the general reader.

All over the British Isles there can be found traces of figures cut from our hillsides. The many "white horses" and such extraordinary figures as the Cerne Abbas giant all seem to have been of religious significance. Mr. T. C. Lethbridge, the Director of Excavations of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, needs no introduction. In "Gogmagog: the Buried Gods" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 21s.), he describes his search for a giant figure near Cambridge which was known to have existed but all trace of which had been lost. The story of his excavations and of the discovery of two other giant figures as well makes fascinating reading. Mr. Lethbridge draws on his vast store of archaeological and historical knowledge to make this a piece of archaeological detective work of the highest interest. Here again, the ancient religions play a lively part, and the connection between the worship of the sun and the moon which appears in Mr. James's book is traced once more. Not the least valuable chapter is that which gives a summary of the various gods, goddesses and demons who

THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE RENAULT DAUPHINE.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

SINCE it was introduced in March 1956 the Renault *Dauphine* has attracted a tremendous following on the Continent. In its first year of production the output totalled 100,000 cars and is now running at the rate of 800 cars per day.

The *Dauphine* is also assembled at the Renault works in Western Avenue, Acton, and as the material and labour content of the cars produced there is some 30 per cent. British, they may truly be regarded as products of *l'Entente Cordiale*.

Like the well-known smaller model, the 4 c.v., or "*Quatre Chevaux*," the *Dauphine* has an orthodox 4-cylinder overhead-valve engine at the rear, but the bore is slightly larger, 58 mm., and the capacity 845 c.c. This is located behind the wheels, which are carried on swinging half-axle casings pivoted on the final-drive casing, and independently sprung by coil springs surrounding direct-acting telescopic dampers. The clutch, gear-box and final-drive casing form a unit with the engine, being located so that the final-drive unit is in line with the wheels and the gear-box is ahead of them. The radiator is in front of the engine, approximately over the final drive.

From the appearance of the *Dauphine*, however, this unorthodox layout is not apparent until one remarks on the absence of a frontal air intake, or notices the small louvred air intakes just ahead of the rear wheels or the louvred rear panel of the tail through which hot air leaves the engine compartment. That is to say, that the general balance of appearance is not unusual. Indeed, the car has quite graceful lines and is well proportioned.

It is, of course, a small car, the wheelbase being 7 ft. 5 ins. and the track 4 ft. at the rear and 4 ft. 1 in. at the front. But the integral body-chassis steel shell has been designed to make full use of the space available, and the interior dimensions at elbow-height are the same as the track, although the overall width is only 5 ft. There is, therefore, ample room for four passengers, with sufficient leg-room for those on the rear seat, which is forward of the rear wheels and unencumbered by wheel arches.

The four doors are hinged at the front and give easy access to the seats. The separate front seats have 5 ins. of adjustment, which is sufficient to cater for drivers of considerable variation in height. Foam rubber cushions resting on springs provide a good measure of comfort.

Cars assembled in this country have right-hand drive, and the car handed over to me for test was also equipped with the Ferlec electromagnetic automatic clutch, an optional extra costing £37 10s., including purchase tax of £16 10s. Accordingly, the car had two-pedal control, brake and accelerator.

Operation of the clutch is governed by a control box, located in the engine compartment close to the throttle, in conjunction with a switch incorporated in the gear-lever knob. To start from rest one simply moves the lever from neutral into first-gear position and then, on depressing the accelerator gently, the car glides away. Changes of gear are made merely by moving the lever from one position to the next, the movement causing appropriate actuation of the clutch through the control box.

A driver used to normal three-pedal control may at first be subconsciously inclined to make movements of his left foot on a non-existent clutch pedal, but this tendency passes off after a few minutes. A less experienced driver probably finds no difficulty at all. Certainly the Ferlec performs its task very efficiently, and considerably simplifies driving.

The short, central gear lever and the handbrake lever between the seats are well placed, as, indeed, are all the controls, grouped round the steering column. Through the two-spoked steering-wheel one has a good view of the instruments—speedometer, fuel gauge with warning light, ammeter, water temperature gauge and oil pressure warning light. Projecting on the left beneath the wheel is a switch which controls the lights when rotated and the horn when pressed inwards. A projecting lever on the right controls the flashing direction indicators on the quarter panels. Close to the steering column is the ignition switch, the key of which is turned fully clockwise to actuate the starter. If the key is turned fully counter-clockwise it switches off the ignition and locks the steering. The choke is automatic.

Acceleration can be quite lively as the car weighs only 12½ cwt., and on first gear 22 m.p.h. is attainable, and on second 45 m.p.h., without distress to the smooth-running little engine. The gears are quiet, second and the indirect top being almost inaudible. With a maximum speed approaching 70 m.p.h. the car cruises quietly and without seeming effort at 60 m.p.h. There is little wind or mechanical noise, and an absence of drumming not always found with cars of integral construction.

Naturally, with the engine at the rear the weight distribution is unusual, there being more on the rear wheels, but one quickly becomes accustomed to the slightly different "feel" of the car on the road. At the time of my test the roads were dry and the *Dauphine's* road-holding was quite beyond reproach. It could be cornered fast with confidence, and with very little roll. To this its independent suspension of all four wheels undoubtedly contributes, the front wheels having wishbones and coil springs, with additionally a torsion-bar stabiliser.

Although the springing feels firm, it never introduces discomfort, and the car takes bad pot-holes in its stride. It is also free from fore-and-aft pitching.

Steering is light and precise, and almost neutral. The brakes are smooth and powerful, exhibiting no sign of fade in fast driving over give-and-take roads.

Visibility through the curved screen and wide, curved rear window is excellent, and the sloping line of the luggage locker lid at the front and of the wings contributes to this. The lid is hinged at the front, a practical safety measure, and it is released or locked by a handle beneath the scuttle. When the car is left locked the luggage is, therefore, safe; the locker has a capacity of 7 cu. ft. Beneath it is the spare-wheel locker, access to which is by tilting down the front number-plate. This is only releasable on opening the luggage compartment, another precaution against theft.

Amongst other good features of this attractive small saloon are its interior trim of coloured striped material and plasticised cloth, with chromium strip attachment fittings, its good standard of general finish and the accessibility of the engine and all its auxiliaries.

The heating system is very efficient, but ample ventilation is afforded by the hinged panels in front of the drop windows in the front doors. The rear-door windows are divided, the front portion being fixed and the rear portion sliding. Both front doors have key-operated locks. A detail refinement is a switch which selects either a soft or loud note from the horn.

Certainly the *Dauphine* is well turned out; the basic price is £512, and purchase tax £257 7s., the total being £769 7s. The Ferlec clutch is, as mentioned, an extra, and other optional extras are a radio, provision for which is made, a sliding roof costing £21, including tax, and white-wall tyres costing £5 7s. 6d.

MOTORING NOTES.

Under an agreement between the Rootes Group and Hunting Clan Air Transport Ltd. spares for East Africa will be carried by the twice-weekly Africargo services and will arrive in Nairobi

within forty-eight hours of leaving the Rootes parts depot in Birmingham. This spares-by-air service follows the establishment of Rootes (Kenya) Ltd. with offices, showrooms and workshops in Nairobi and Mombasa.

So successful has the *Land-Rover* proved since it was introduced nine years ago that it has earned a total of £70,000,000 in overseas currencies, three out of every four cars produced having been exported. To widen its appeal, the Rover Co. Ltd. has introduced an alternative power unit, a 2-litre, 4-cylinder diesel engine developing 52 b.h.p. at 3500 r.p.m.

Latest additions to the growing list of guide-books include the 1957-58 "A.A. Handbook for Ireland," detailing over 300 hotels and nearly 400 garages in Northern Ireland and the Republic; and an English edition of the Michelin "French Riviera," by the *News Chronicle* Book Dept., price 12s. 6d., by whom other English editions will be issued; "Brittany" in July and "Switzerland" during the autumn.

American car manufacturers have adopted an anti-racing policy, and have agreed to avoid any mention of speed or acceleration capabilities in publicising their products. Instead, the qualities of safety and comfort will be emphasised. Presumably this means an end to the "horse-power race" which has been taking place for the past two years in the U.S.

Renamed the "Coupe des Alpes," the Alpine Rally organised by the A.C. de Marseille et Provence takes place from July 6 to 12. As usual, the event includes most of the famous Alpine passes and includes eliminating tests on the Little St. Bernard, Stelvio, Col de Laffrey, Izoard, Cayolle, d'Allos, and Mont Ventoux. British cars and drivers usually figure prominently in the awards list.



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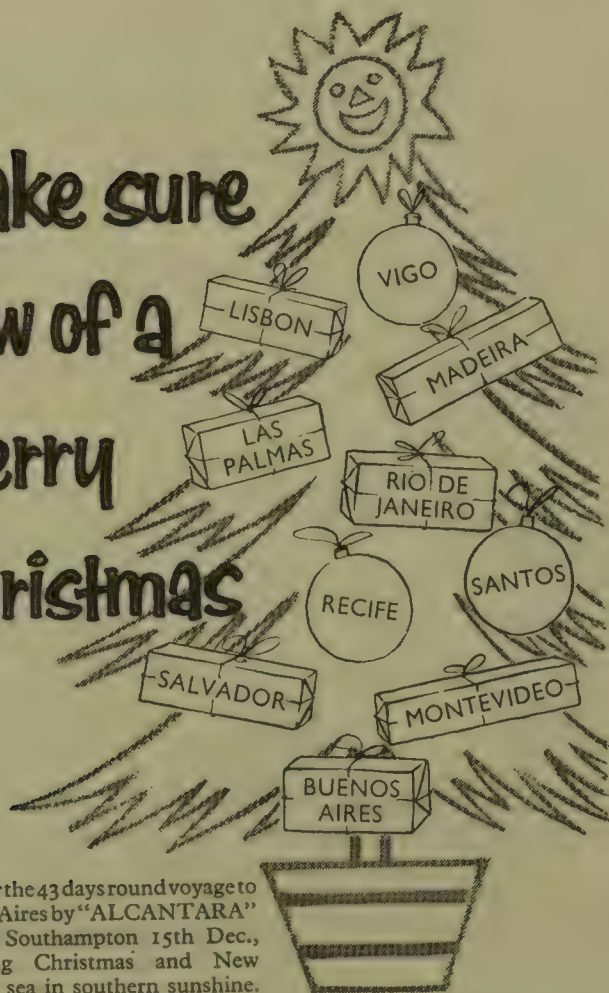
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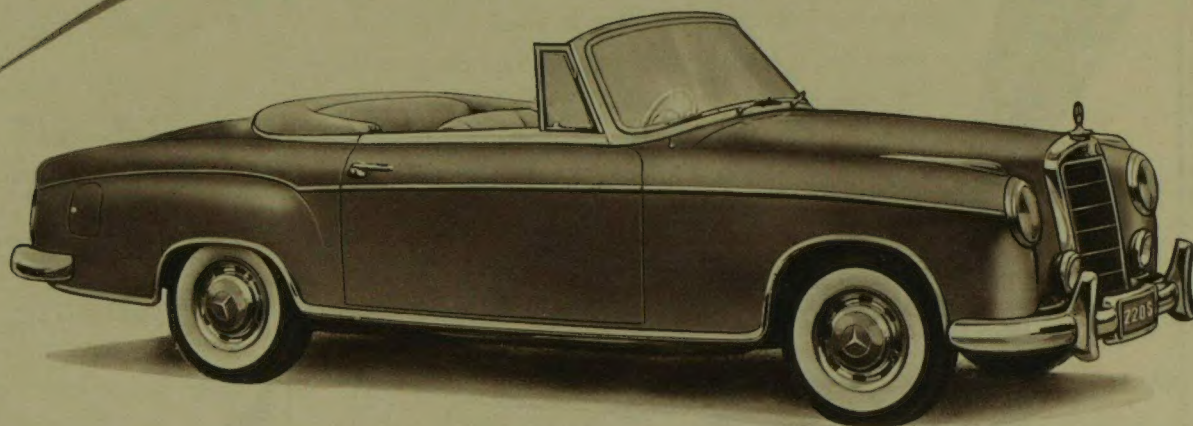
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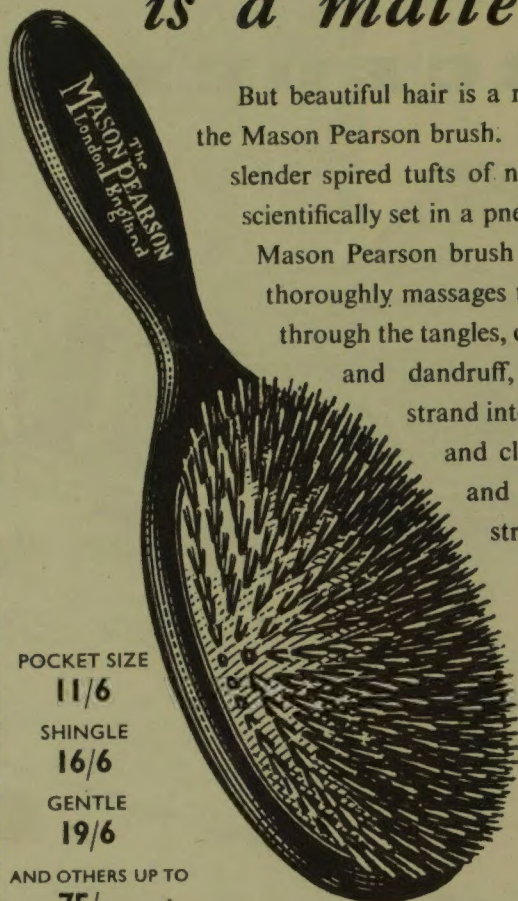
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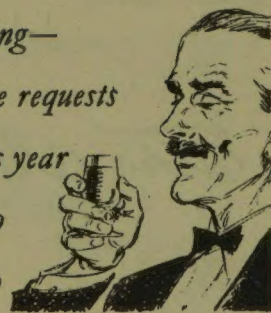
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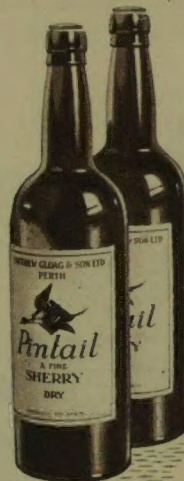
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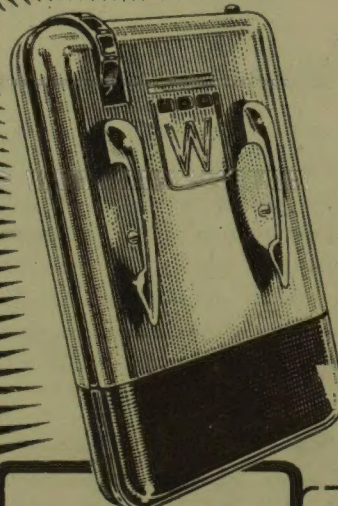
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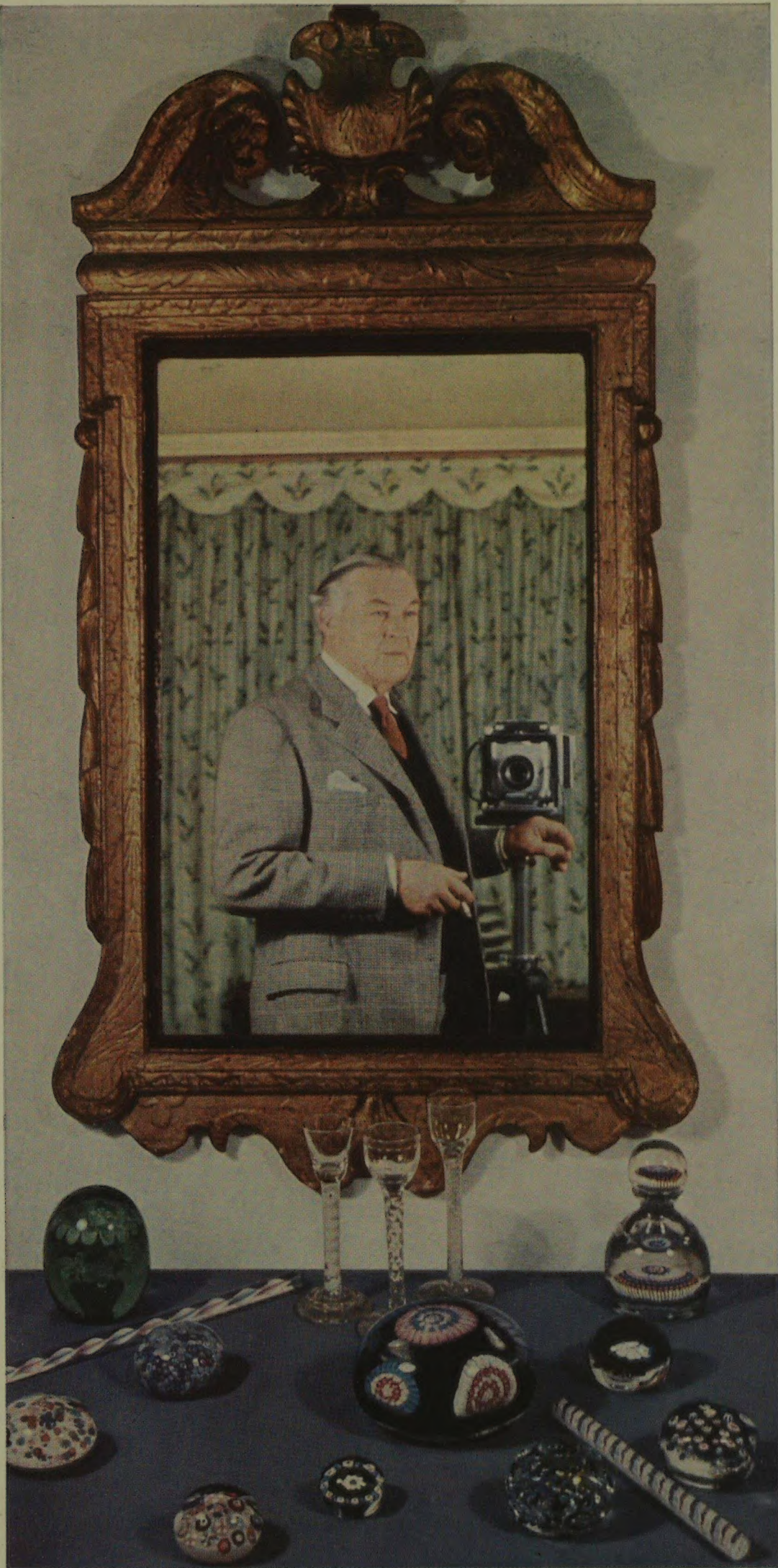
Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

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